



No.87

SANDMAN!



AUG.
SEPT.

Adventure COMICS

10¢



SWAN & KIDBY

THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

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The SANDMAN

in "It Hated"

**"I Hated
THE SANDMAN!"**

AS
TOLD
TO

JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

Silas
Pettigrew...

HE HATED SLEEP...
THIS MAN WHO
COULDN'T STAY AWAKE!
AND HE HATED
THE SANDMAN,
MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN
OF THE SLUMBERS
OF THE RIGHTEOUS
AND TROUBLER OF
THE DREAMS OF
THE WICKED...
BECAUSE, TO HIS
MIND, **THE SANDMAN**
WAS THE SYMBOL
OF **SLEEP!** BUT...
WHEN SILAS
PETTIGREW'S STRANGE
SICKNESS PLUNGES
HIM INTO A DEADLY
UNDERWORLD TRAP
FROM WHICH THERE
SEEMS NO ESCAPE
THIS SIDE OF
DEATH... IT IS **THE**
SANDMAN WHO
STREAKS LIKE A
GOLDEN COMET
THROUGH THE
NIGHT... DARING
DESPERATE DANGER
TO PERFORM A
MIRACLE OF
JUSTICE!



YES...SILAS
PETTIGREW
HATES THE
SANDMAN!
WHAT
COULD HAVE
BROUGHT
ABOUT THIS
UNFORTUNATE
ATTITUDE?
WELL...
THAT'S PART
OF OUR
STORY!
LET'S DROP
IN ON
SILAS AND
HEAR HIS
SIDE!

THAT'S RIGHT...I HATE HIM!
I HATE THE SANDMAN!!
I KNOW! YOU THINK I'M
MEAN...I'M BALMY...
I CARRY GRUDGES...



WELL, THINK WHAT
YOU LIKE! WHY SHOULDN'T
I HATE THE SANDMAN?
ISN'T HE THE SYMBOL
OF THE VERY THING
THAT'S ROBBING
ME OF A NORMAL,
HAPPY LIFE?



"SLEEP! SLEEP!! I SPEND MOST OF MY LIFE
SLEEPING WHEN I COULD BE ENJOYING
MYSELF LIKE OTHER PEOPLE!"



A HOME
RUN!!!

KIN Y'IMAGINE TH'
DOPE FALLING ASLEEP
DURING THAT PLAY?

"HUH! THAT'S NOTHING! THERE WAS
THE TIME I SAT DOWN TO EAT MY
FAVORITE DISH---ROAST BEEF!"



MMM...THAT
SMELLS GOOD!
HERE'S WHERE
I---**YAWN**...
HO-HUM...

WAKE UP,
SIR...WE'RE
CLOSING UP!



"ONCE I ALMOST GOT MARRIED!"

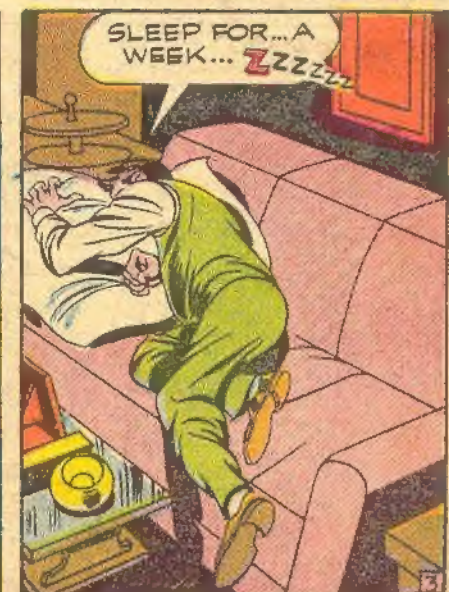
MARY... I'VE BEEN
WANTING TO ASK
YOU SOMETHING--
WILL YOU--?

YES, SILAS!
GO ON---





ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, PERHAPS IT IS NO WONDER THAT SILAS PETTIGREW HATES A FAMOUS FIGURE WHOM HE HAS NEVER MET...



IT SO HAPPENS THAT DURING ONE OF HIS RARE WAKEFUL MOMENTS, SILAS WITNESSES A TYPICAL BUSINESS OPERATION OF TWO GENTLEMEN KNOWN AS MICKEY THE MOPE AND TENNESSEE TOMMY--

TAKE THAT! TOMMY... GRAB TH' DOUGH!

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'VE MURDERED THE POOR MAN IN COLD BLOOD!



HALT, YOU RATS--- I SAW YOU... **YAWN**

WE GOTTA BUMP HIM TOO, MICKEY... HE'LL PUT TH' FINGER ON US!



BUT NOT EVEN THE STRONG TONIC OF DANGER CAN STEM THE TIDE OF DROWSINESS... WHEN IT RISES WITHIN HIM...

MURDERERS! ZZZ-ZZZ!

THIS SNOOZE IS GONNA BE POIMANENT!

TOMMY! I GOT A INSPIRATION!



MINUTES LATER... PLAYBOY WES DODDS AND HIS YOUNG PAL, SANDY HAWKINS, STROLL INTO AN INTERESTING SITUATION!

LOOK, WES! A MURDERED MAN!

AND POLICE ARRESTING SOMEBODY!



DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM! THIS PISTOL YOU HAD IN YOUR HAND DID THE JOB!

AND THIS IS THE BAG HE CARRIED THE BANK'S MONEY IN... BUT IT'S EMPTY NOW!



BUT I TELL YOU I SAW THOSE TWO FELLOWS SHOOT HIM AND TRIED TO STOP THEM! THEN I FELL ASLEEP---

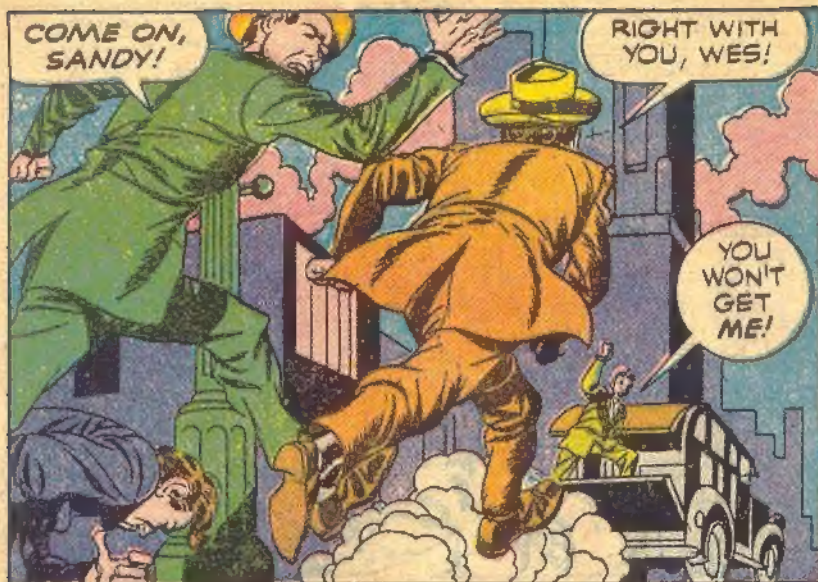
HAW! HAW!! NOBODY'D FALL ASLEEP AT THE SCENE OF A MURDER!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ARREST ME FOR A CRIME I DIDN'T COMMIT!

HEY! COME BACK HERE!





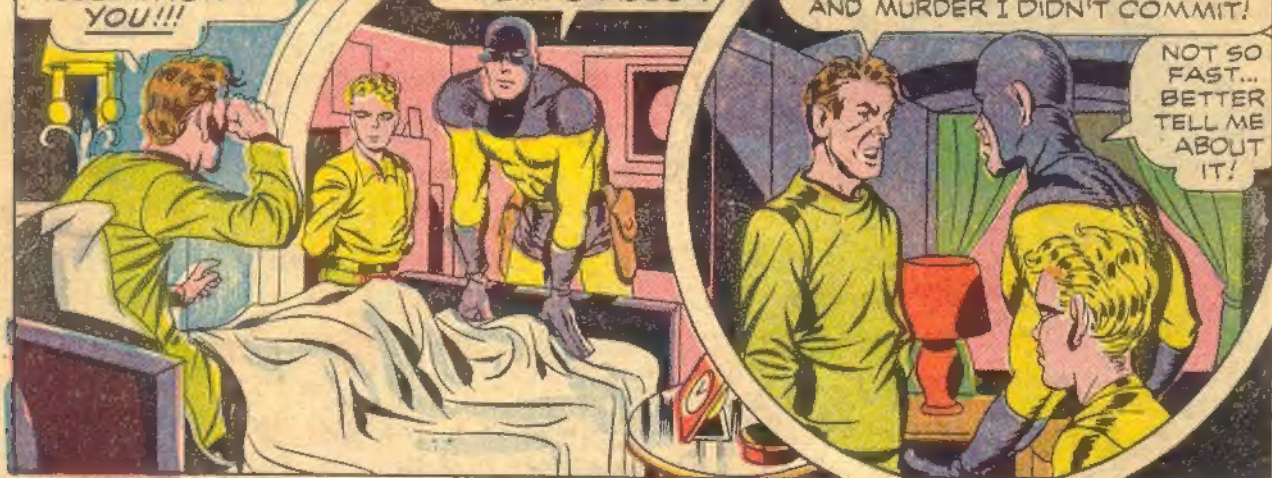
THE AWAKENING IS EVEN STRANGER---

WHAT A SILLY DREAM!
AS IF THE SANDMAN
WOULD... HUH?...
YOU!!!

WHAT'S THIS SILLY
DREAM YOU WERE
TALKING ABOUT?

I DREAMED YOU WERE GOING TO
HELP ME... BUT WHAT A JOKE! OF
COURSE YOU'RE GOING TO SEND
ME TO PRISON FOR THAT ROBBERY
AND MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT!

NOT SO
FAST...
BETTER
TELL ME
ABOUT
IT!



AND WHEN SILAS' STORY IS TOLD...

**HE'S
ASLEEP
AGAIN!**

HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH---
HIS DREAM PROVES THAT!
LOOKS LIKE A BUSY NIGHT
FOR US,
SANDY!



**ONCE MORE DREAMS ARE SOWN ABROAD
IN THE NIGHT AS THE SANDMAN BEARS AN
UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN ACROSS THE ROOF-
TOPS OF THE SLEEPING CITY...**

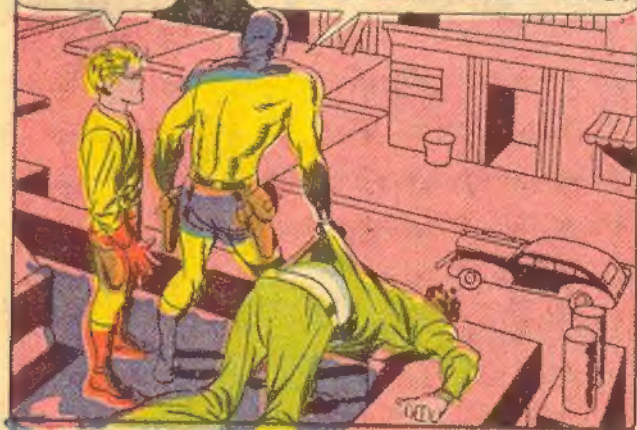
BUT WHY
DO WE
HAVE TO
LUG HIM
ALONG?

WE DON'T KNOW WHO REALLY
COMMITTED THE CRIME UNTIL
HE POINTS THE GUILTY ONES
OUT TO US!

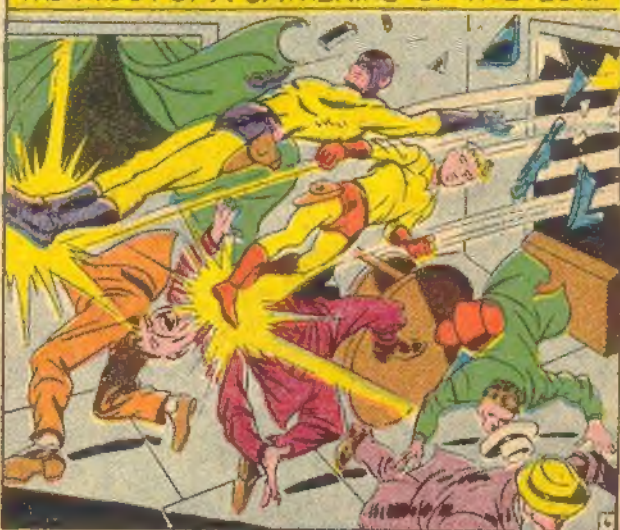


BUT HOW CAN WE
POINT THEM OUT
UNLESS WE CLEAN
UP EVERY NEST
OF CROOKS IN
TOWN?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT
WE'RE GOING TO DO IF
NECESSARY! FIRST WE'LL
PAY A SOCIAL CALL AT
THE HEADQUARTERS OF
PISTOL PETE'S HOLDUP MOB!



**AND TWO GOLDEN BOMBSHELLS BURST IN
THE MIDST OF A GATHERING OF THIEVES...**



WHEN THE DUST HAS SETTLED...

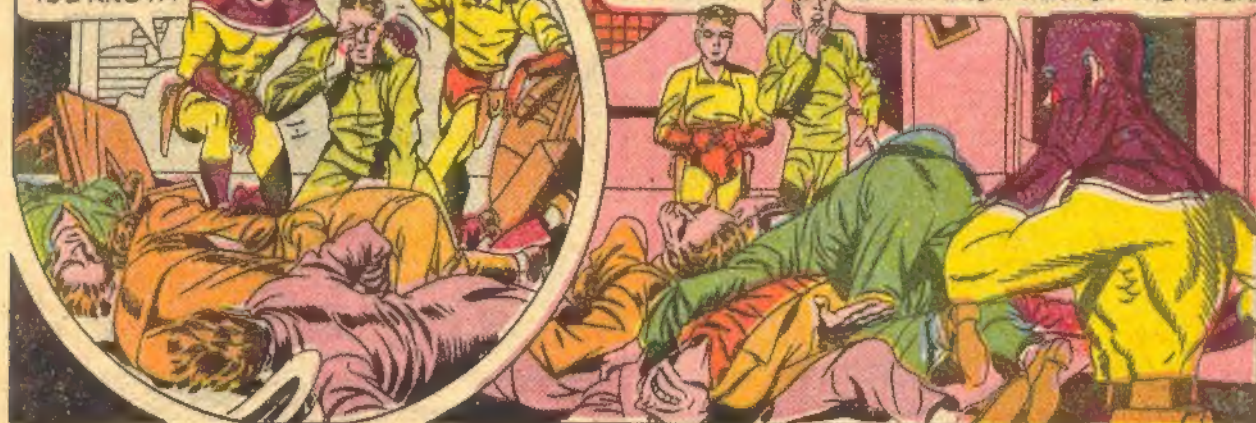
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE TWIN THUNDERBOLTS STRIKE!

WAKE UP AND TAKE A LOOK, SILAS...SEE ANYBODY YOU KNOW?

HUH? NO... THEY AREN'T HERE...

NOPE....YAWN.... DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM, EITHER!

LET'S SEE...I'VE HEARD SOME MOBSTERS HAVE BEEN HANGING AROUND THE OLD GRAIN ELEVATOR BY THE RIVER.



AT THE GRAIN ELEVATOR...

AS BARBED PROJECTILES BURY THEMSELVES IN CONCRETE, AUTOMATIC REELING WIRE IN THEIR MIRACULOUS WIREPOON GUNS YANK THE CRIME-SMASHERS UPWARD!

WHILE ABOVE, MICKEY THE MOPE AND TENNESSEE TOMMY REST AFTER THE DAY'S LABORS...

THERE'S A LIGHT-- BUT IT'S A LONG WAY UP!!

OUR WIREPOONS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



THEY AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' BUT SLEEP ALL EVENING!

AW.... LET 'EM ALONE! DIDN'T THEY PULL A BIG JOB TODAY?

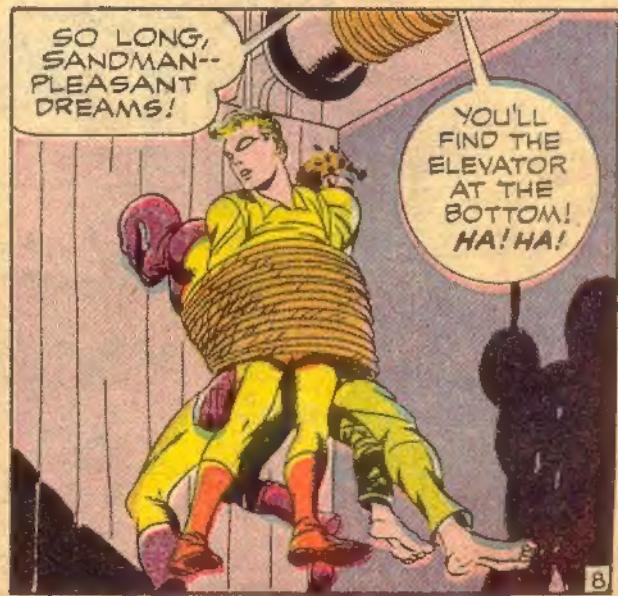
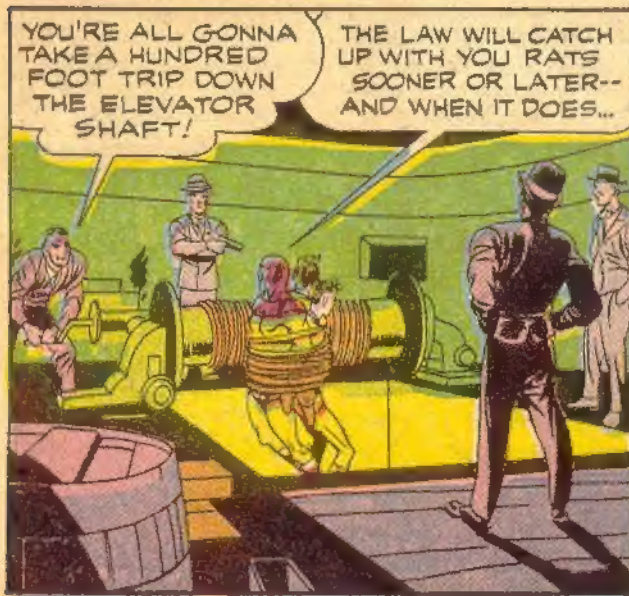


SUDDENLY...

WOW!! TH' SAND-MAN'S AFTER ME! WH-WHAT? I WAS DREAMIN'!!

ME, TOO! ONLY IT WASN'T NO DREAM ---IT WAS A NIGHTMARE!





PLUMMETING TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH, A HUNDRED FEET BELOW, THE FLIGHT OF THE UNHAPPY THREE SEEMS HOPELESS---

SO LONG, SANDMAN! --GULP-- THIS IS TH- THE FINISH!

NOT IF I CAN GET AN ARM FREE, SANDY!

WHY DO I HAVE TO BE AWAKE, OF ALL TIMES?

I'M MAKING IT--- BUT THERE ARE ONLY SECONDS LEFT!

AT LAST... A LIGHTNING-SWIFT HAND WHISKS THE WIREPOON GUN FROM ITS HOLSTER!

BARBED STEELEMBEDS ITSELF DEEPLY IN A HIGH CROSSBEAM---

WH-WHY, WE'VE STOPPED FALLING!

AND THAT ISN'T ALL! WE'RE GOING TO BE DRAWN UP IN A SECOND! START WORKING ON THOSE ROPES, SANDY!

WHILE, ABOVE...

WE OUGHTA GO OUT AN' CELEBRATE!

THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD OUGHTA GIVE US A BANQUET FER GETTIN' RID O' TH' SANDMAN!

I THOUGHT I'D DIE LAFFIN' WHEN THEY WENT THROUGH TH' FLOOR!

FUNNY, THOUGH! WE DIDN'T HEAR NO BUMP WHEN THEY HIT!

IN JUST A SECOND YOU'RE GOIN' TO HEAR THE BUMP!

THE THUD OF THEIR VICTIM'S BODIES SO HEARTILY AWAITED BY THE GANGSTERS, IS SUBSTITUTED BY A MUCH MORE EXPLOSIVE DIN!



I-I'LL TALK! WE PULLED THAT BANK JOB AND KILLED THE GUARD! I FRAMED THAT GUY WHEN HE FELL ASLEEP!

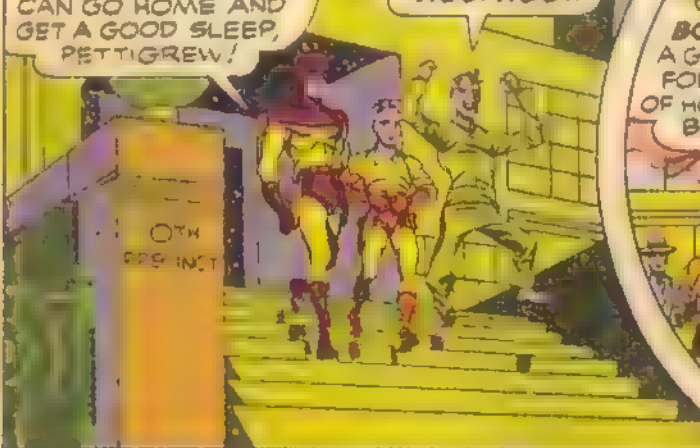


SOMETIME LATER...

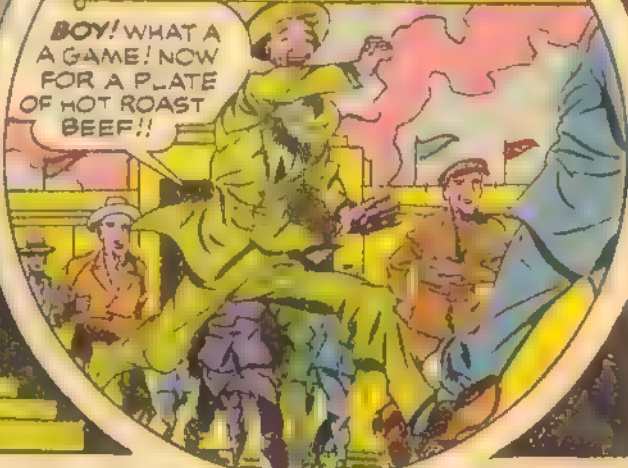
NOW THAT WE PUT THOSE RATS WHERE THEY BELONG...YOU CAN GO HOME AND GET A GOOD SLEEP, PETTIGREW!

SLEEP? WHO WANTS TO SLEEP? THIS ADVENTURE'S MADE ME FEEL WIDE-AWAKE! WOO! WOO!!

...AND SO SILAS PETTIGREW BECOMES A CHANGED MAN!... HE LOVES EVERYBODY... BECAUSE AT LAST HE CAN STAY AWAKE AND ENJOY LIFE WITH THEM!



BOY! WHAT A GAME! NOW FOR A PLATE OF HOT ROAST BEEF!!



SOMEWHERE IN THE CROWD, WES DODDS AND HIS BOY COMPANION, SANDY HAWKINS, WATCH SILAS PETTIGREW LEAVE...

THERE HE GOES WES! HE CERTAINLY LOOKS ALIVE!

YES! HE'S JUST AS SPRINGY AS A JITTER-BUG!

I GUESS THE FALL DOWN THE GRAIN ELEVATOR SHAFT MUST HAVE STRAIGHTENED THE LITTLE KINK IN HIS BRAIN THAT CAUSED HIM TO SLEEP!

HMM...SIMPLE AS THAT!...I WONDER! WELL, THIS IS ONE TIME INSTEAD OF PUTTING SOMEONE TO SLEEP THE SANDMAN CURED HIM OF THE HABIT!



SIMPLE OR NOT, MIRACLES DO HAPPEN... WHEN THE PADDING FOOTSTEPS OF THE SANDMAN ECHO SOFTLY ON THE CITY'S ROOFTOPS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT! DON'T MISS THE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT BEFALL HIM AND SANDY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ADVENTURE COMICS!**



GENIUS JONES

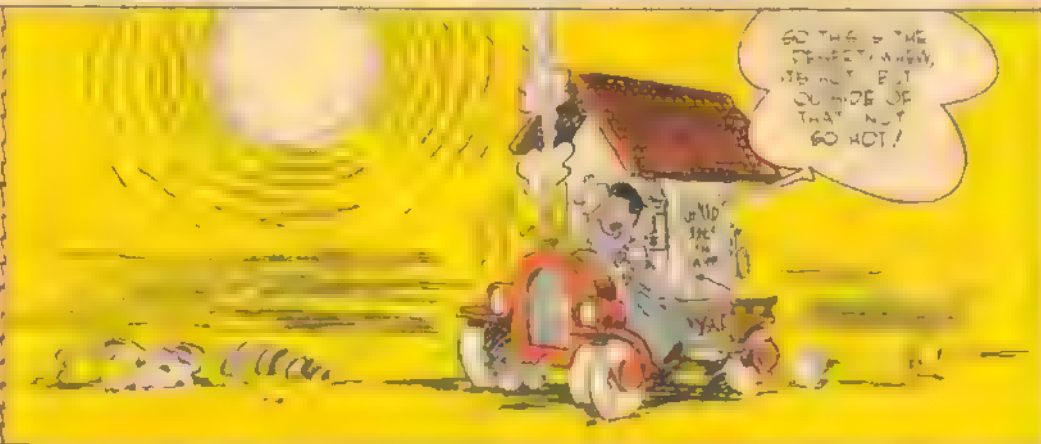
by
STAN (AND HIS) KAYE

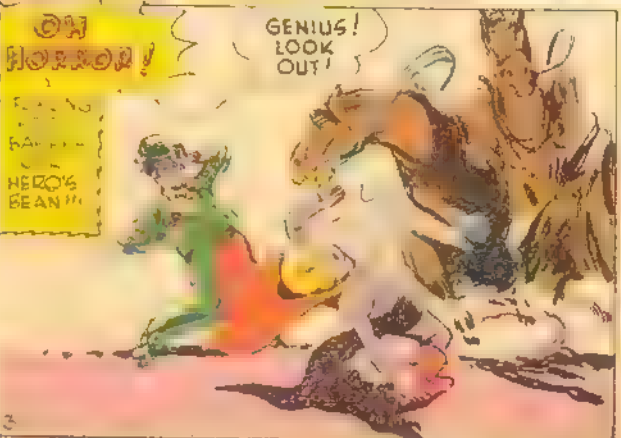
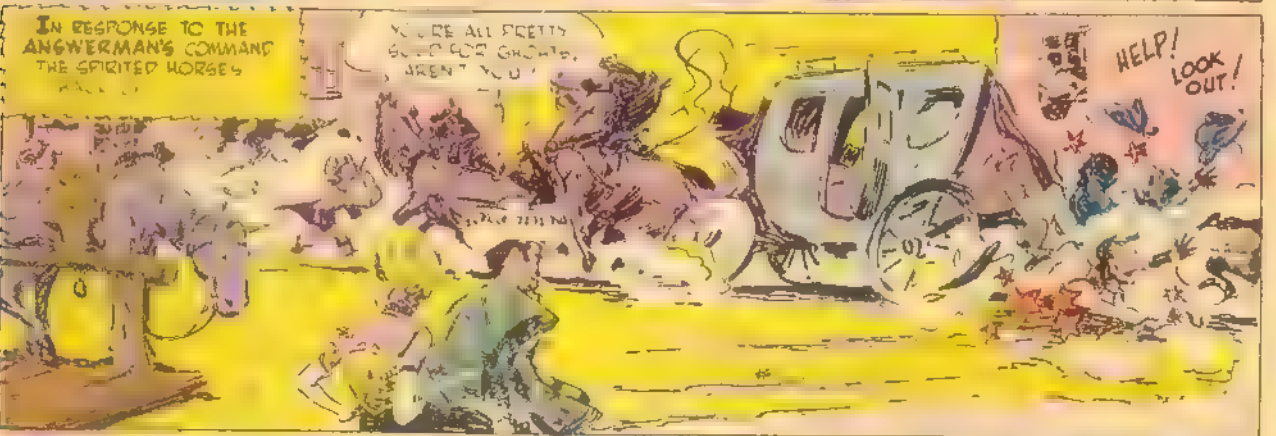
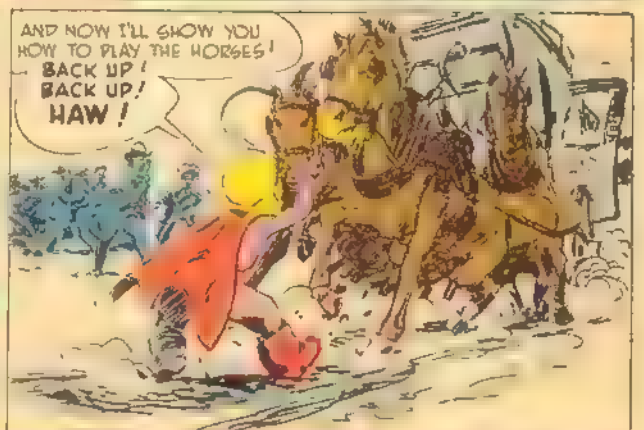
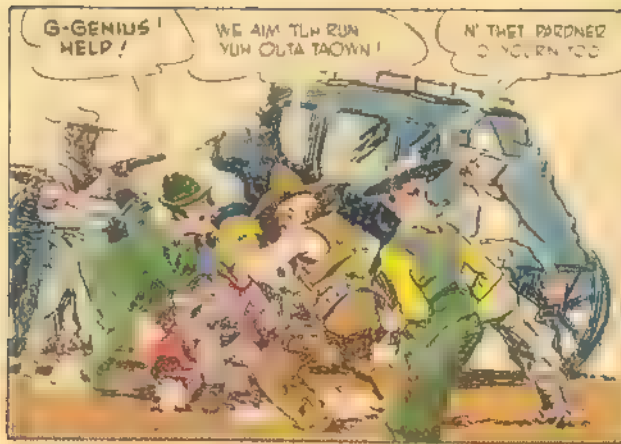


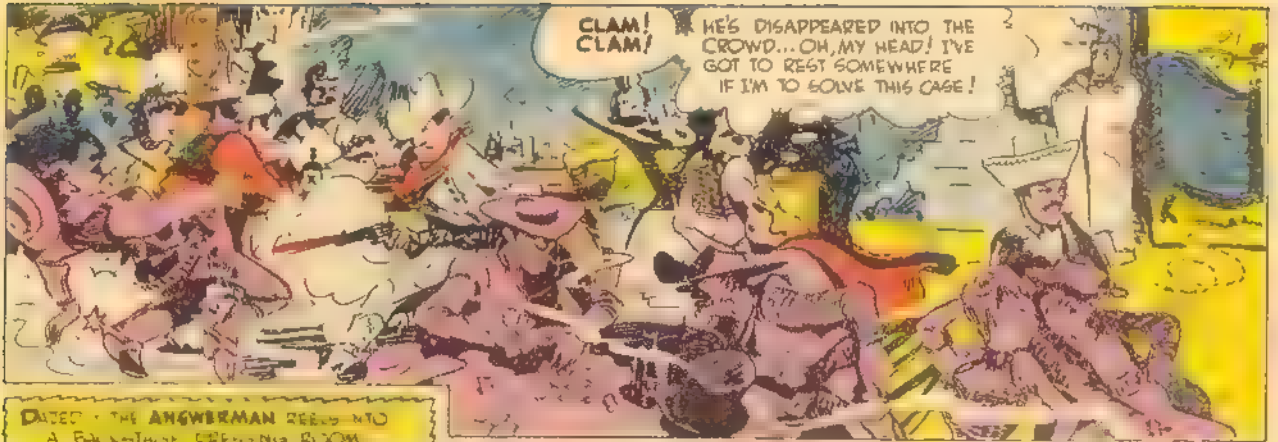
HUNDREDS OF
MILES FROM
ANYWHERE
IN THE
WILDERNESS
GENIUS JONES
DRIVES TOWARD A GREAT
20"

GENIUS JONES
DRIVES TOWARD
THE GREAT

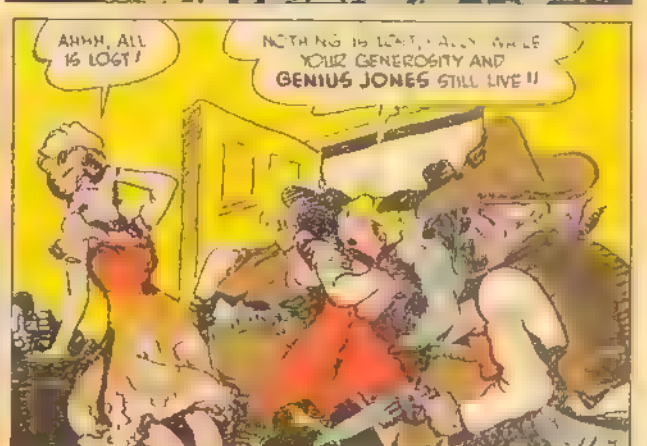
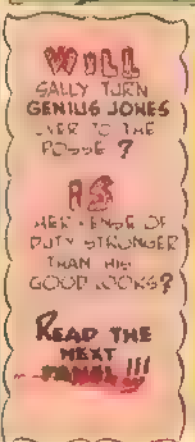
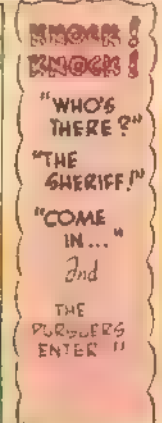
GHOU
VALLEY
DESERT!

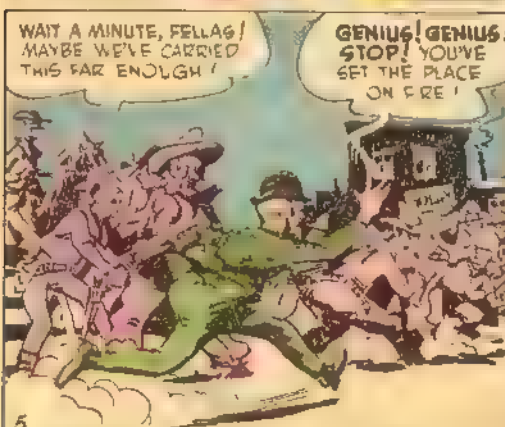
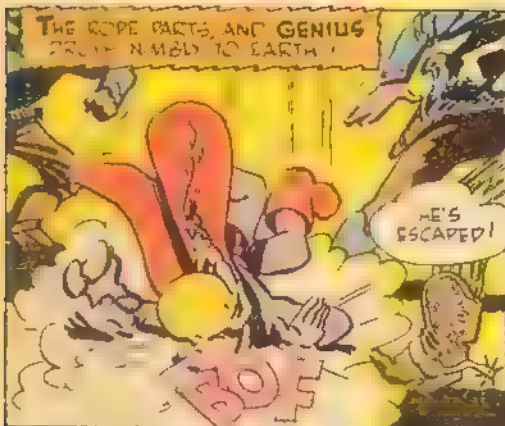
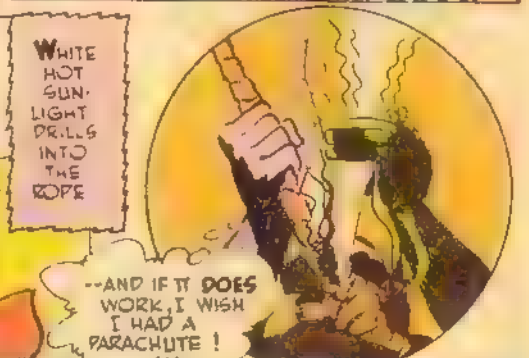
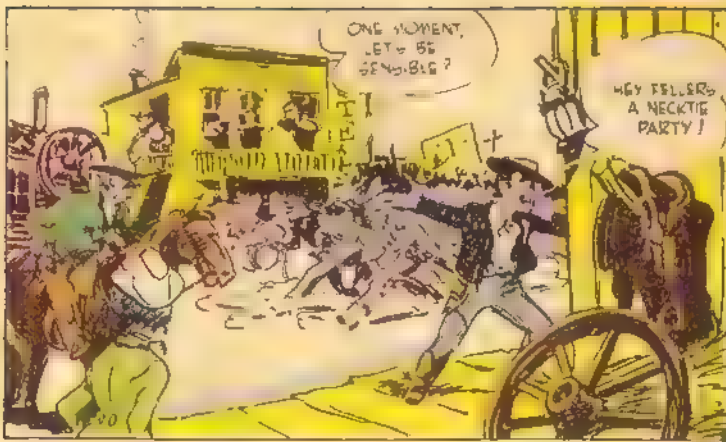


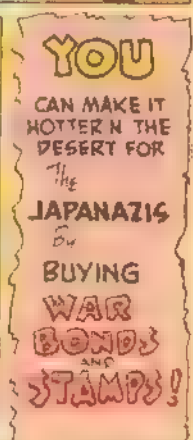
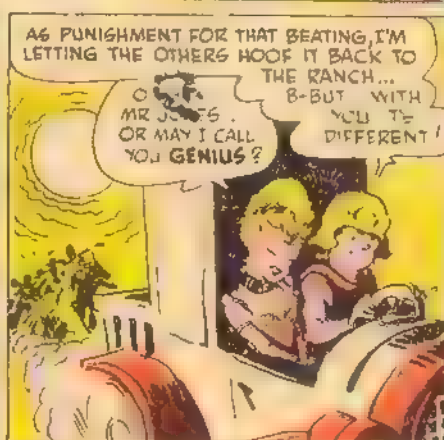
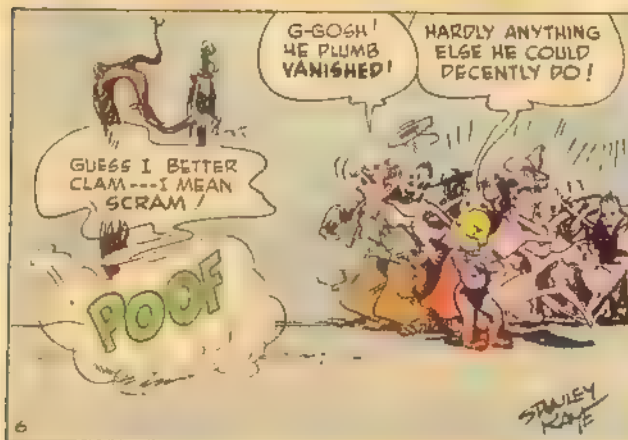
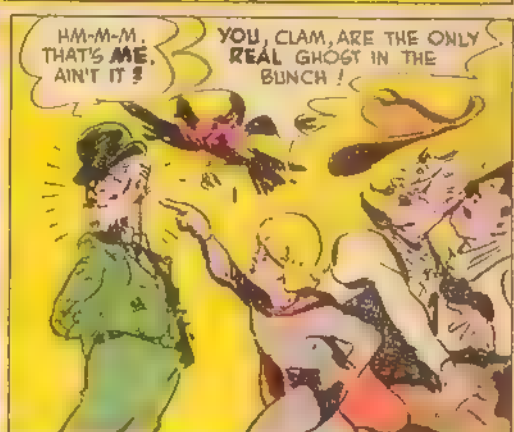
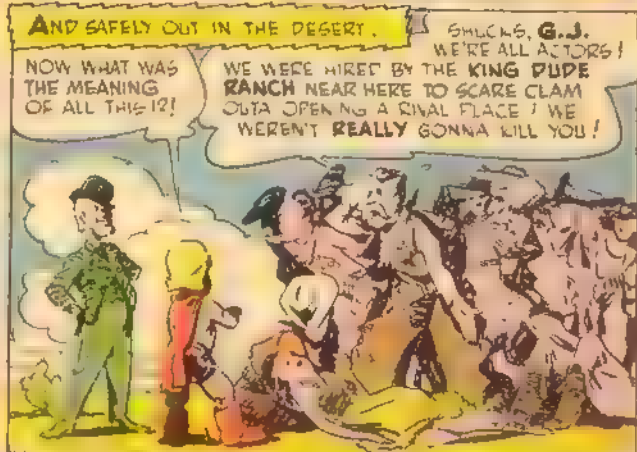
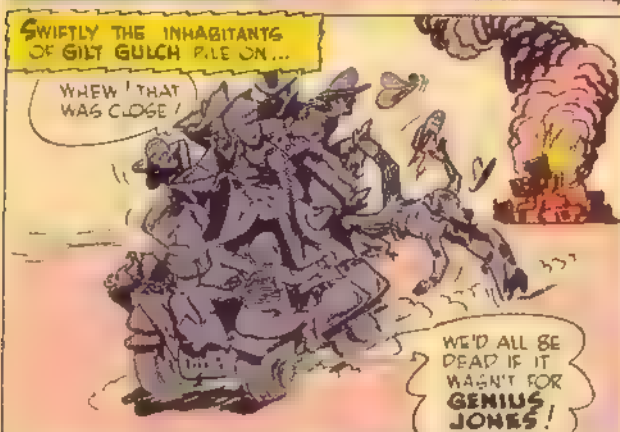
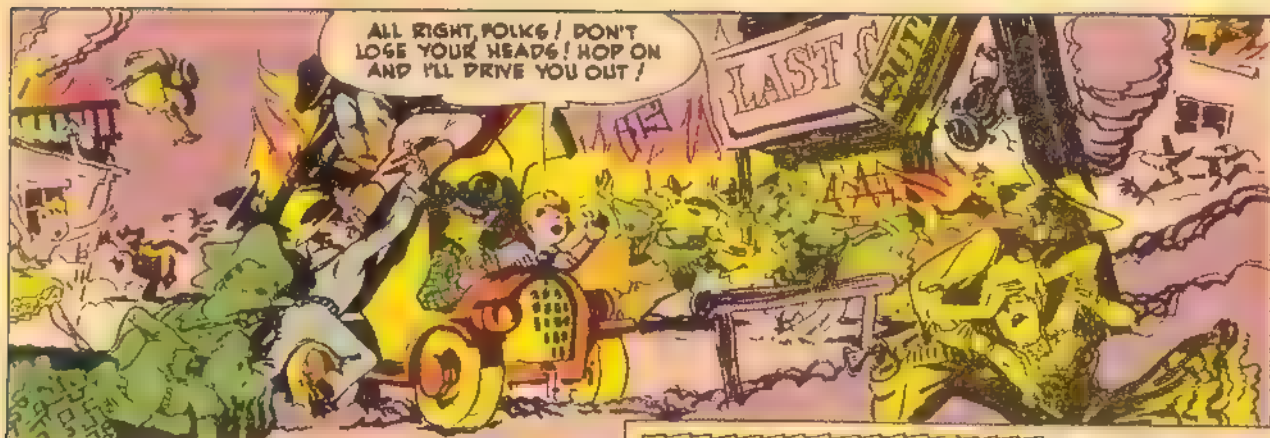




DATED - THE ANSWERMAN REELS INTO A BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM

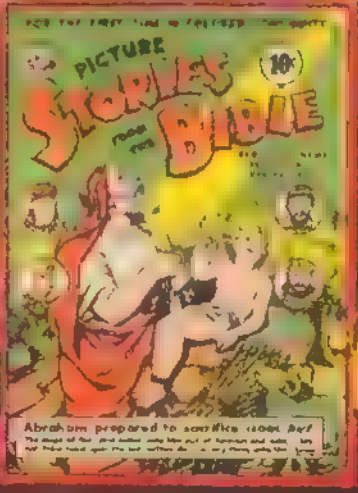
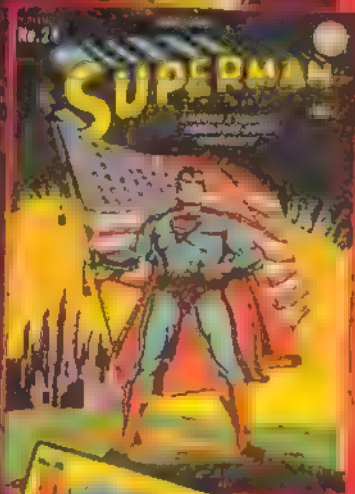








BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!



NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!



The

SHINING KNIGHT

THE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE ARE NOT ALWAYS DEADLIEST WHEN ALIVE! SOMETIMES THEY'RE EVEN MORE DANGEROUS DEAD... AND STUFFED! AND WHEN A CLEVER CONVICT CONFOUNDS A PRISON WARDEN BY TRANSFORMING AN ANIMAL'S INNOCENT PELT INTO A TREACHEROUS TROJAN TUSKER... S.R. JUSTIN, THE SHINING KNIGHT, WITH HIS MAGIC SWORD AND VALOROUS STEED, RIDES FORTH AGAIN IN BATTLE ARRAY TO ENGAGE IN A STRUGGLE TO END...

"THE TROUBLES OF A TAXIDERMIST!"

YOUNG JUSTIN, FRIEND OF DR. MORESBY, JOINING WITH THE KINDLY CURATOR IN INSPECTING A NEW DISPLAY AT THE MUSEUM...

THESE ANIMALS SEEM SO... FE... LIKE, DR. MORESBY ONE WOULD EXPECT THEM TO COME LEAPING FROM THE CASE!

YES JUSTIN THEY ARE TRULY AMAZING! BUT WHAT'S EVEN MORE AMAZING IS THAT THEY WERE MADE BY A CONVICT!





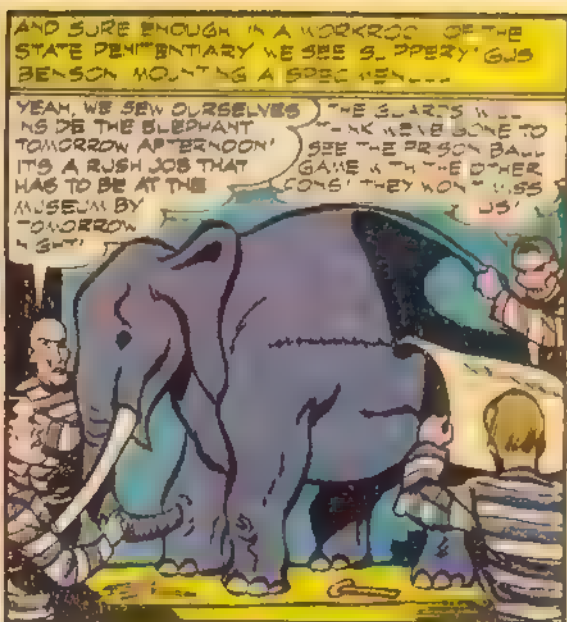
DO PRISONERS
HAVE SUCH
FREEDOM
NOWADAYS
OR NOBESBY?

NORMALLY,
NO! BUT THIS
TIME AS A FAVOR
TO ME THE WARDEN
AGREED THAT
'SLIPPERY' GUS
SHOULD WORK
IN A PRISON
TAXIDERMIST
SHOP!



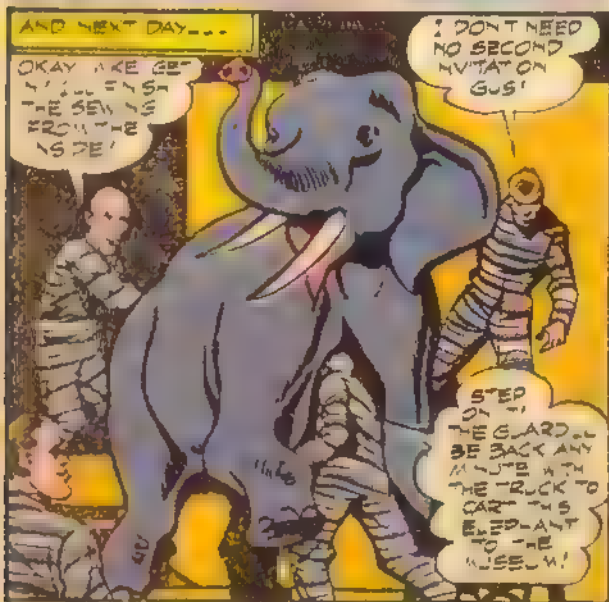
BUT WHERE
DO YOU
HEAR
FROM
HIM?

HE'S COUSH
ALEX ONE OF
MY NEW ASSIS-
TANTS, TOLD ME
OF GUS' ABIL-
TY!
GUS IS DOING
THE MAIN
FEATURE FOR
OUR COMING
EXHIBITION!



AND SURE ENOUGH IN A WORKROOM OF THE
STATE PENITENTIARY WE SEE 'SLIPPERY' GUS
BENSON MOUNTING A SPECIMEN...
YEAH, WE SAW OURSELVES
DOING THE BLEPHANT
TOMORROW AFTERNOON!
IT'S A RUSH JOB THAT
HAS TO BE AT THE
MUSEUM BY
TOMORROW
NIGHT!

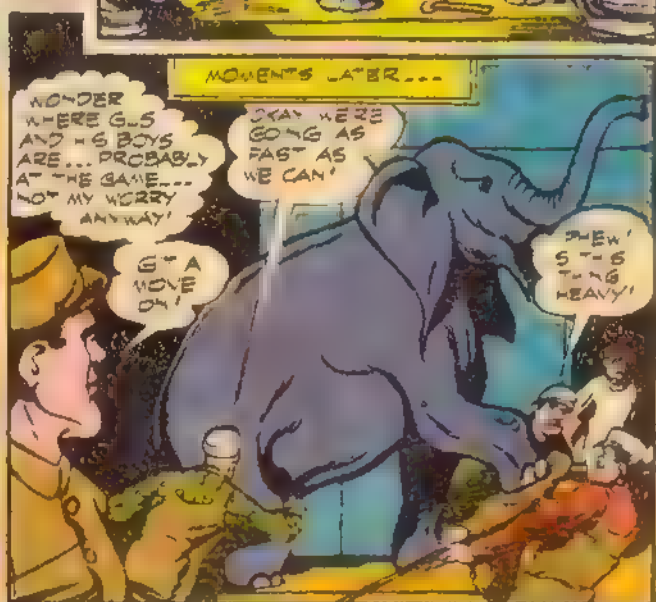
THE GUARDS W-
-NK HAVE GONE TO
SEE THE PRISON BALL
GAME WITH THE OTHER
CONS! THEY WON'T MISS
US!



AND NEXT DAY...
OKAY, WE GET
THE SEW-
-RAGE FROM THE
SIDE!

I DON'T NEED
NO SECOND
INVITATION
GUS!

STAY ON!
THE GUARD
WILL BE BACK ANY
MINUTE WITH
THE TRUCK TO
CART THE
ELEPHANT
TO THE
MUSEUM!



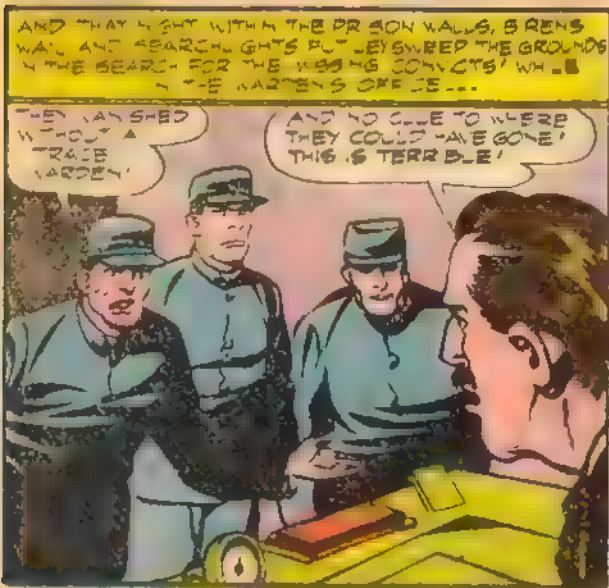
MOMENTS LATER...

WONDER
WHERE GUS
AND HIS BOYS
ARE... PROBABLY
AT THE GAME...
NOT MY WORRY
ANYWAY!

OKAY, WE'RE
GOING AS
FAST AS
WE CAN!

GET A
MOVE
ON!

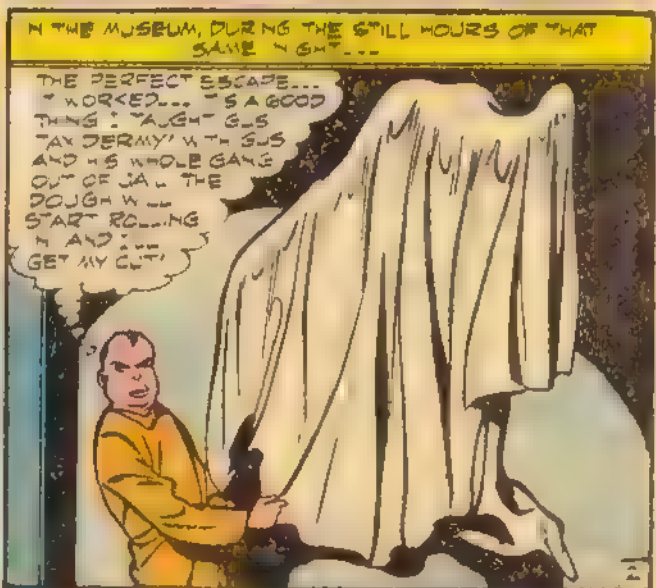
HEW!
S-
-T-
-S-
HEAVY!



AND THAT NIGHT WITH THE PRISON WALLS, GUARDS
WALK AND SEARCHLIGHTS PL-
-EY SWEEP THE GROUNDS
IN THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING CONVICTS! WHILE
THE WARDENS OFFICE...

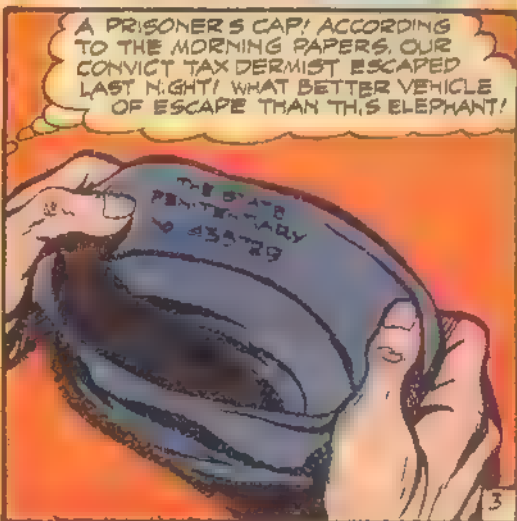
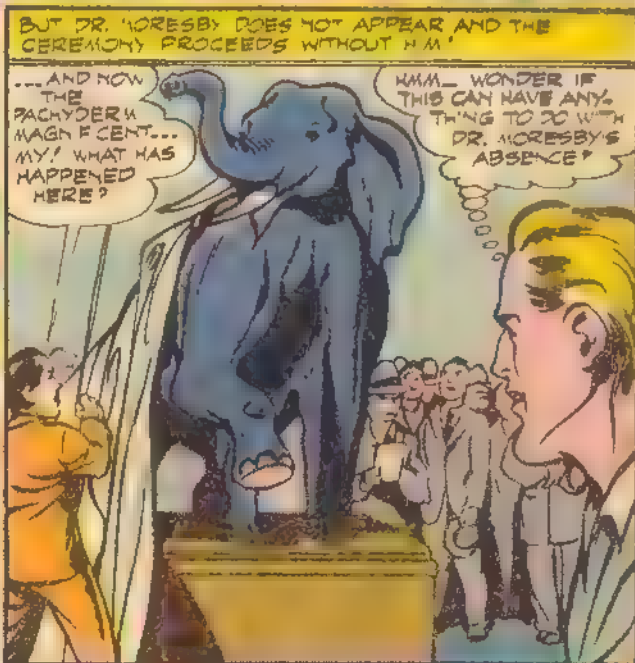
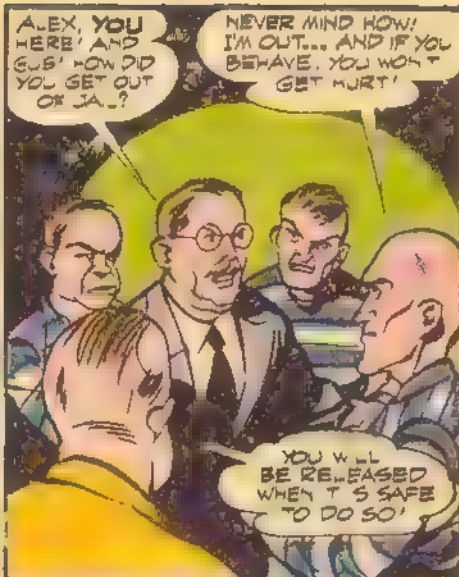
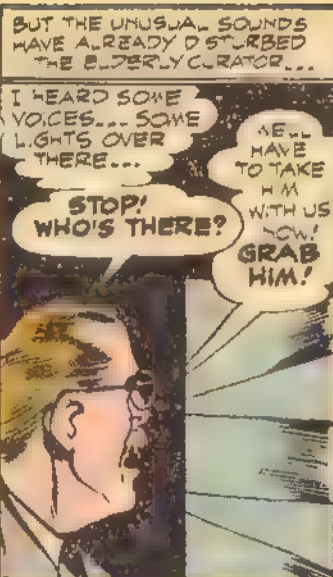
THEY VANISHED
WITHOUT A
TRACE
YARDEN!

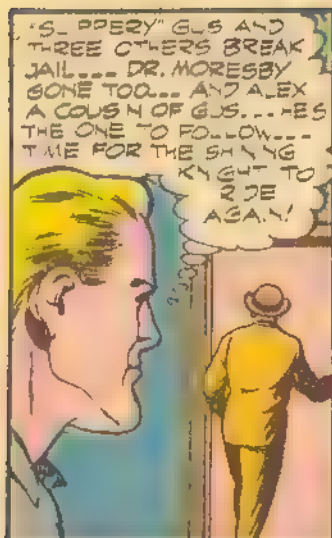
AND NO CLUE TO WHERE
THEY COULD HAVE GONE!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!



IN THE MUSEUM, DURING THE STILL HOURS OF THAT
SAME NIGHT...

THE PERFECT ESCAPE...
IT WORKED... IT'S A GOOD
THING I TAUGHT GUS
TAXIDERMIST WITH GUS
AND HIS WHOLE GANG
OUT OF JAIL THE
DOUGH WILL
START ROLLING
IN AND I
GET MY CUT!

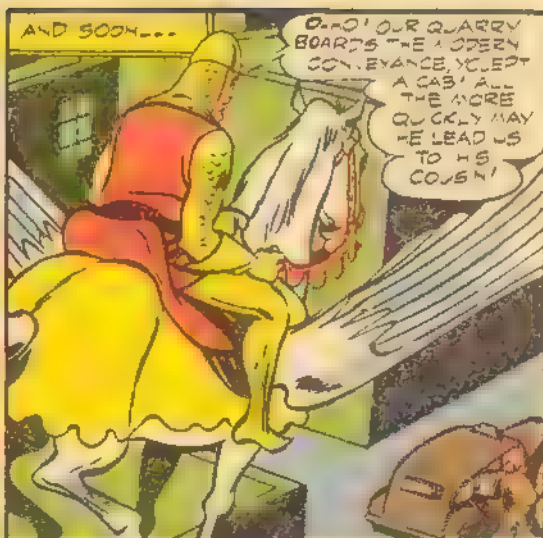




'S... PERRY' GUS AND THREE OTHERS BREAK JAIL... DR. MORESBY GONE TOO... AND ALEX A COUSIN OF GUS... HE'S THE ONE TO FOLLOW... TIME FOR THE SHINING KNIGHT TO GET TO THE PRISON AGAIN!



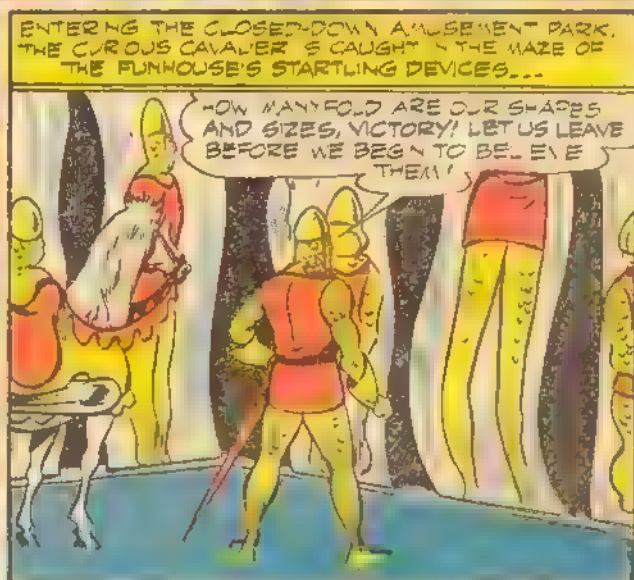
QUICKLY IN A HIDDEN STABLE BELOW...
AVE MY MONDOUS STEED ONCE MORE WE GO FORTH TO TEST OUR METTLE AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD DISTURB THE PUBLIC PEACE!



AND SOON...
O-O-O! OUR QUARRY BOARDS THE MODERN CONVEYANCE, YE'PT A CAB! ALL THE MORE QUICKLY MAY WE LEAD US TO HIS COUSIN!

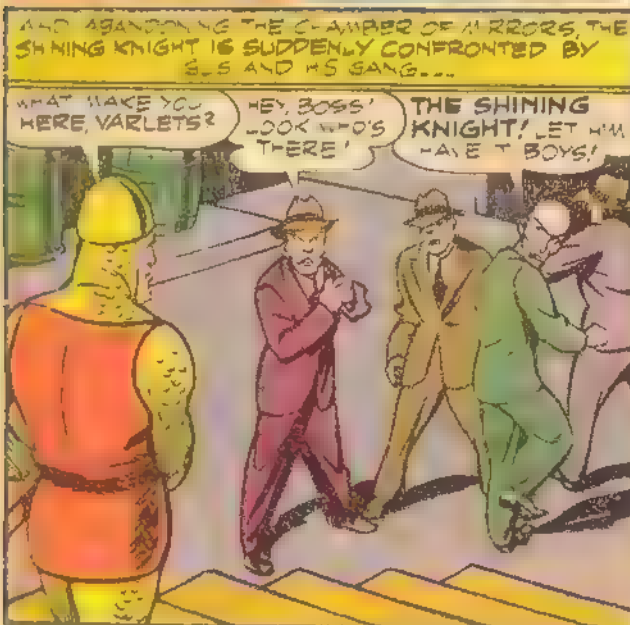


WHAT MANNER OF WERD VILLAGE IS THIS INTO WHICH ALEX IS ABOUT TO ENTER? I MUST FOLLOW!



ENTERING THE CLOSED-DOWN AMUSEMENT PARK, THE CURIOUS CAVALIER'S CAUGHT IN THE MAZE OF THE FUNHOUSE'S STARTLING DEVICES...

HOW MANYFOLD ARE OUR SHAPES AND SIZES, VICTORY! LET US LEAVE BEFORE WE BEGIN TO BELIEVE THEM!



WHAT MAKE YOU HERE, VARLETS? HEY, BOSS! LOOK WHO'S THERE! THE SHINING KNIGHT! LET HIM HAVE IT BOYS!

AND ABANDONING THE CHAMBER OF MIRRORS, THE SHINING KNIGHT IS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY GUS AND HIS GANG...

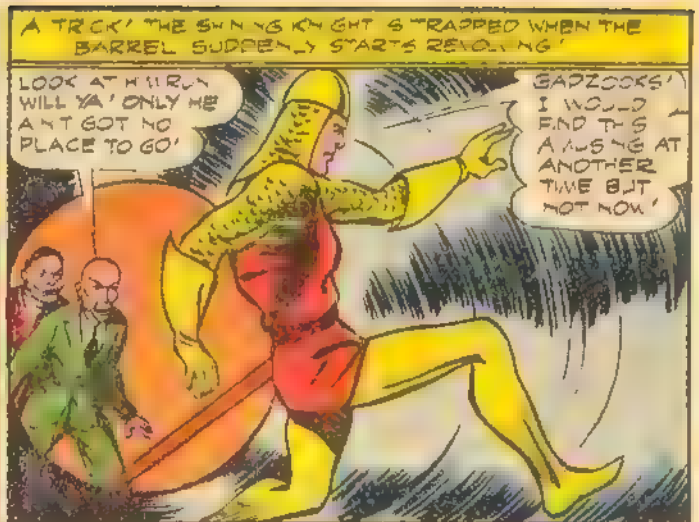


THE BULLETS DON'T EVEN PENETRATE HIS ARMOUR! WASTE NOT GOOD SCRAP KNIVES! NO USE SHOOTING AT HIM! WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE ELIMINATION PLAN WE PREPARED IN CASE ANYONE INTERFERED! COMON!



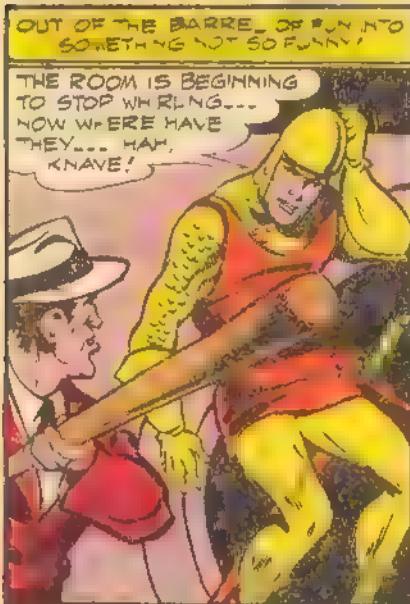
RUN A LITTLE FASTER! HE'S CATCHING UP WITH US!

FEAR LENDS WINGS TO WICKED FEET, BUT...



LOOK AT HIM! RUN WILL YA! ONLY HE AINT GOT NO PLACE TO GO!

SADZOOKS! I WOULD FIND THIS A MISTAKE AT ANOTHER TIME BUT NOT NOW!



OUT OF THE BARREL, OR RUN INTO SOMETHING NOT SO FUNNY!

THE ROOM IS BEGINNING TO STOP WHIRLING... NOW WHERE HAVE THEY... HAH, KNAVE!



HERE'S A HEADACHE FOR YOU... HEY! DON'T DODGE...

AND WHY NOT? BETTER IT'S THAT I BE A HEADACHE TO YOU!

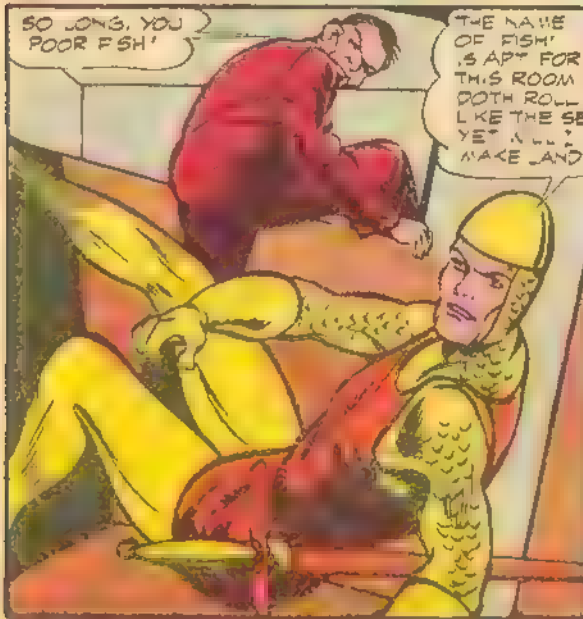
SWISH!



A CHASE... INTO THE TOP SECRETARY'S ROOM!

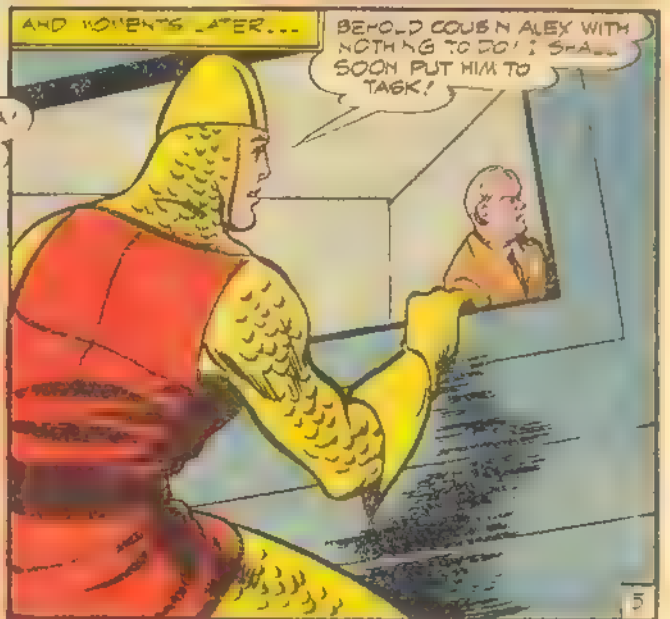
DON'T WORRY, JIMX, WE'LL SOON SHAKE HIM DOWN!

NOW WILL YOU LEAD ME TO THE OTHERS... BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THE FLOOR DOING?



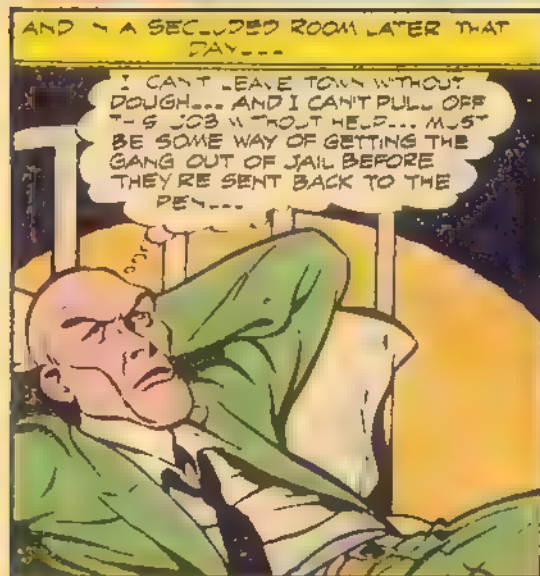
SO LONG, YOU POOR FISH!

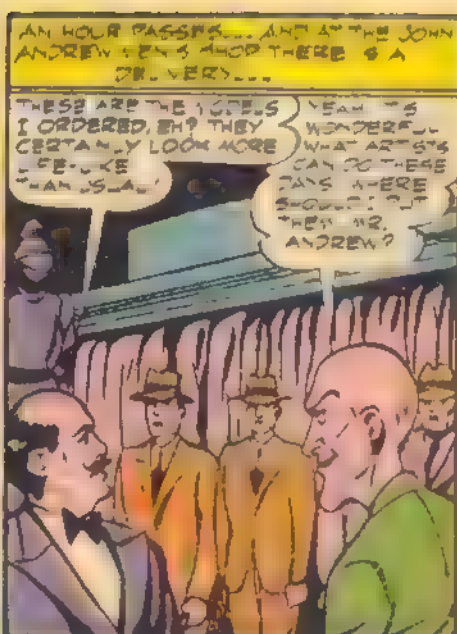
THE NAME OF FISH IS APT FOR THIS ROOM BOTH ROLL LIKE THE SEA! YET A... MAKE LAND!

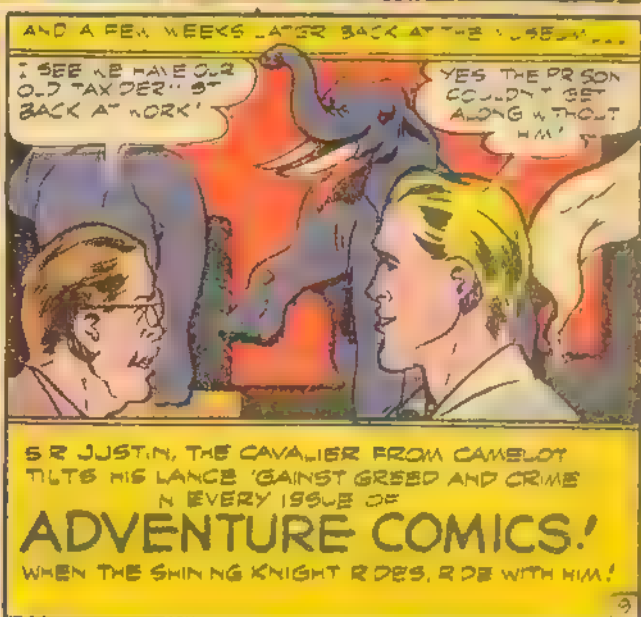
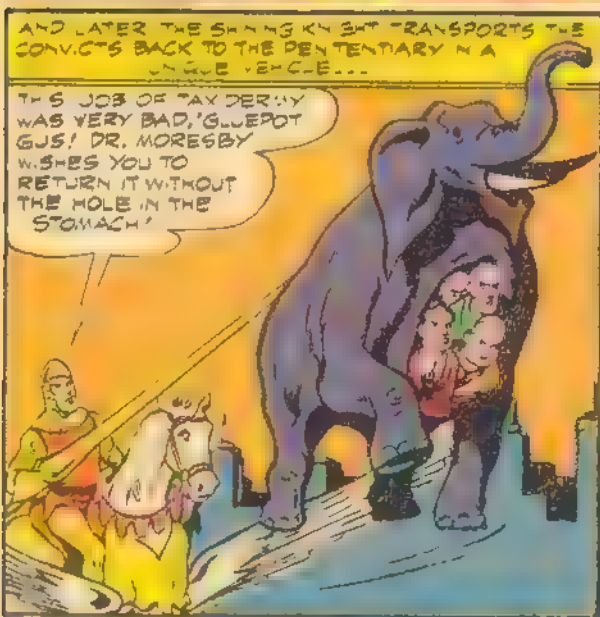
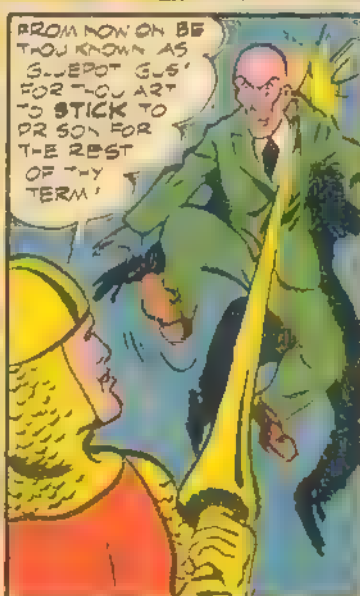
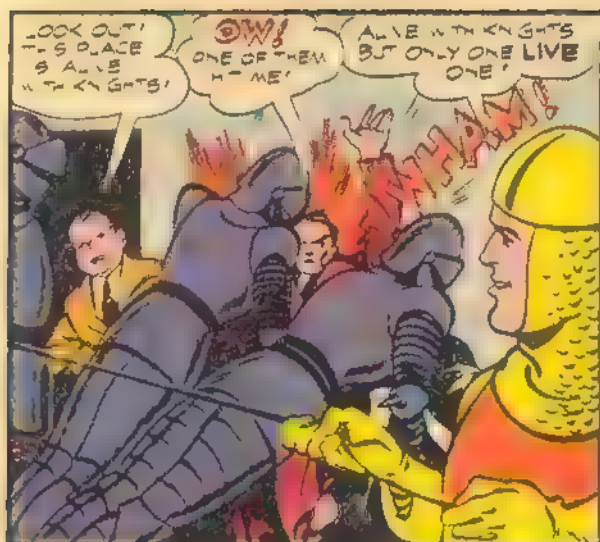


AND MOMENTS LATER...

BEHOLD COUSIN ALEX WITH NOTHING TO DO! I SHALL SOON PUT HIM TO TASK!







STARMAN



ALL GREAT ARTISTS
STRIVE FOR PERFECTION,
AND A TRUE PAINTER
NEVER BELIEVES THAT
HIS CANVASSES ARE SO
GOOD THAT THEY CAN'T
BE BETTER...

IMAGINE AN ARTIST'S
SURPRISE, THEN, WHEN
HE'S TOLD THAT HIS WORK
IS TOO GOOD!!

THERE'S A MYSTERY
HERE - WHICH ONLY THAT
ARTIST WITH ROD AND
FIST, STARMAN, CAN
SOLVE AS HE TATTOOS
OUT A MESSAGE TO ALL
GANGSTERDOM UPON
LEARNING THAT...

**"CRIME
PAINTS
A
PICTURE!!"**











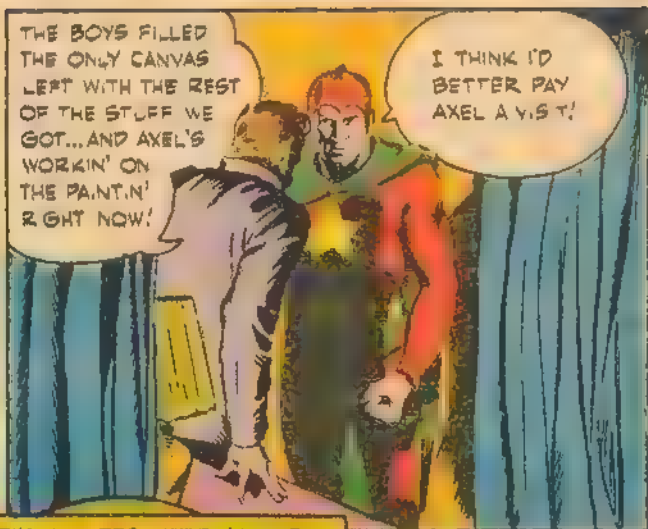






I'LL HANG YOU UP THERE IN THAT PICTURE'S PLACE UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHERE THE REST OF YOUR LOOT IS!

L-LET GO... I'LL - TELL...



THE BOYS FILLED THE ONLY CANVAS LEFT WITH THE REST OF THE STUFF WE GOT... AND AXEL'S WORKIN' ON THE PAINTIN' RIGHT NOW!

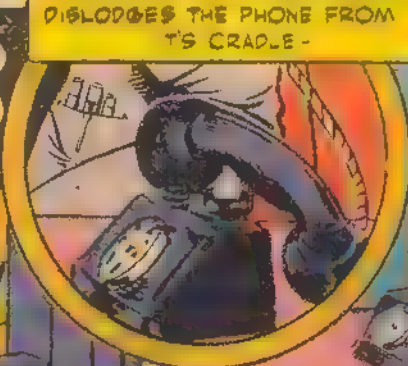
I THINK I'D BETTER PAY AXEL A VISIT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER AN ELBOW DISLODGES THE PHONE FROM ITS CRADLE -

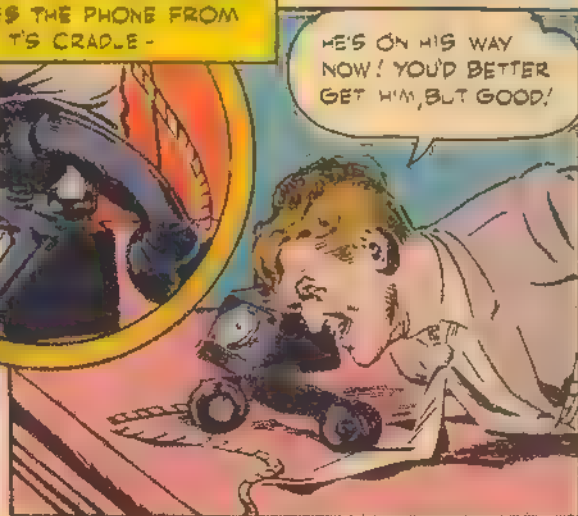


THE DOPE! I CAN USE THIS PHONE TO GET MUGGSY AND THE REST TO BUMP HIM OFF!

IF THAT FELLOW IS AS SMART AS I HOPE - HE'LL LET THE REST OF HIS GANG KNOW I'M ON MY WAY..



HE'S ON HIS WAY NOW! YOU'D BETTER GET HIM, BUT GOOD!



LATE INTO THE MIDNIGHT HOURS WORKS AXEL ELGREN

THIS MUST BE MY BEST WORK. THEY ARE ANXIOUS FOR ME TO COMPLETE IT!



MY WORKS ARE SELLING BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE'S

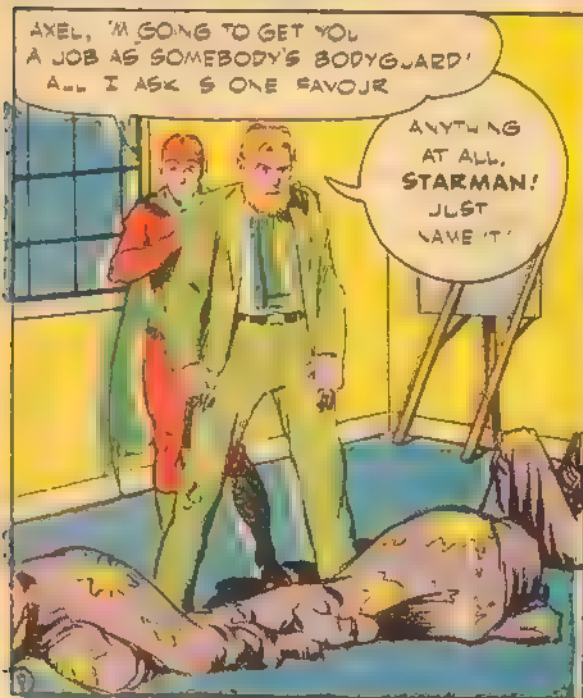
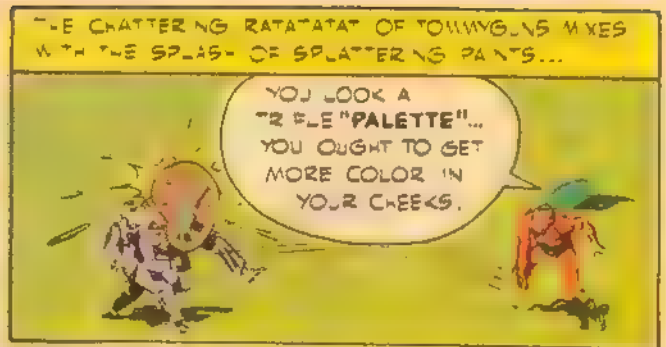
AND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHY THEY ARE 'LOOK!



YOU VANDAL! YOU'VE RUINED.. WHA - JEWELS INSIDE MY PAINTING! BUT HOW...?

THEY HID THEIR LOOT IN A FALSE BACK BEHIND THE CANVASSES THEY FURNISHED YOU TO PAINT ON: THEY WANTED A BAD ARTIST TO MAKE SURE NOBODY BUT THE R FENCES WOULD BUY THEM







VOICE IN THE NIGHT

by NORMAN GOSS

THE stillness pressed against his chest, and the night seemed to have a thousand eyes. Tonight there was no moon and the stars were hidden. There was no breeze rustling the fronds of the coconut trees, and he was glad of that for every sound caused his body to tense. He was glad, too, that the doctors, way back in San Diego had pronounced his hearing perfect. A man had to have good hearing, here at night in the Solomons.

Oh, he was a man now, all right, despite the leanness of his nineteen years. And being a sentinel was a man's job—a Marine's job! For just an instant, he felt a surge of pride run through him as he thought of the Corps, of the company—of the men who were sleeping serenely behind him. His buddies! And they slept the untroubled sleep of the hard-fighting man because they trusted the sentinels who were on duty.

The boy's lips curved in a faint smile and, for a moment, the worry that had rested so heavily on his face lessened. He wondered what they would have thought if they had known he was scared. He could almost hear them kidding him. "What's the matter, Prof? Got the whimmies. Yes, the Prof's got the whimmies."

Well, gosh, a guy could get them out here. Alone. This stretch that he was patrolling was his. He was as important here as a four-star general. He could stop a four-star general! It was in the Book—it was regulations!

And the Prof knew, because he was the kind who loved books. That's how his buddies had come to give him the nickname. Sure—he was crazy about books, but he loved the Marines more. It had been a tough job getting his parents to consent to his enlistment. Fun-

ny, why it should have been so tough. Heck, his father was a Colonel in the Marine Corps, back in Washington in the War College.

The Prof recalled now something his father had said: "You are fighting a tricky enemy, son. These Japs fight foul. They have a brand of hate even the Nazis can't equal." And then he had put his hand on the Prof's shoulder. "But when you meet them, boy, you'll have a glorious tradition on your side. And the Marines can hate as well as they can fight!"

Only the Prof hadn't known that then. But he was seeing it now, feeling it, almost as though he could reach out into this dark, still night and touch the hem of Destiny's robe.

They had been here only three nights now. This was the fourth. Somewhere out there was the enemy. And an American patrol was scouting their strength.

The Prof shook his head. Day-dreaming was bad. A guy had to keep his mind on his business. Only three days here, but he knew. He had seen the tanks crashing into coconut trees to dislodge Jap snipers, cleverly camouflaged by nets that made it impossible to distinguish them from the foliage. They were tricky, these Japs, and full of hate. Dying, they'd feign death until an American approached. Then, with their last ounce of strength, they'd try to kill.

The night was warm. But the Prof shivered. Sweat stood out cold on his forehead, the sweat that was dripping in rivulets from his tin hat. He wondered what time it was, when his relief would arrive; but he didn't look at his watch. It had a radium dial and he had taken it from his wrist.

His tongue slid nervously

over his lips. Maybe, after tonight, sentry duty wouldn't be like this. He'd be used to it. This was only the first time and . . .

He stiffened. The sound had been faint, very faint. He raised his tommy-gun to the position he had been taught. There was somebody out there in the darkness! A tingling sensation raced up and down his spine.

"Halt!"

He was surprised at the evenness of his voice. His eyes were trained in the direction of the sound that his acute hearing had caught.

And then the voice came. In English!

"Hold your fire." It was calm and commanding. "We are American Marines."

The returning patrol! For just a fraction of a second the thought flashed through his mind, and then was dislodged. His tommy-gun spewed death toward the sound of the voice.

Screams! Then, behind him, came the sound of the camp awakening. His buddies were behind him now, and flashlights picked out the scene.

The sword of the Jap officer was still in his hand. Behind him, their bodies twisted grotesquely, lay the other six members of the enemy patrol that had tried to scout out the camp.

The Prof stared at them dispassionately, but behind his eyes lay hate. The smell of cordite hung heavy in the air.

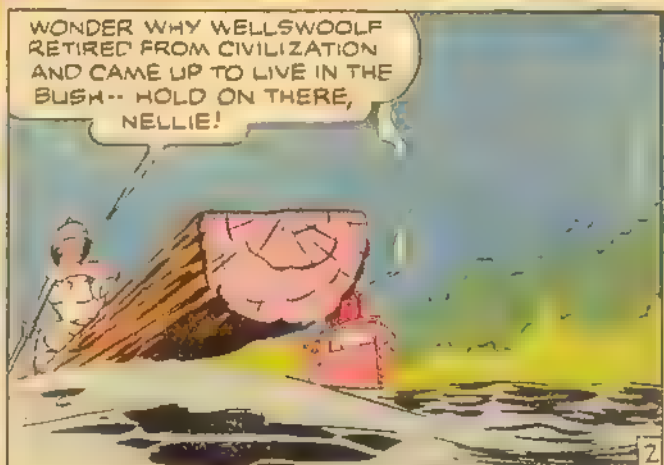
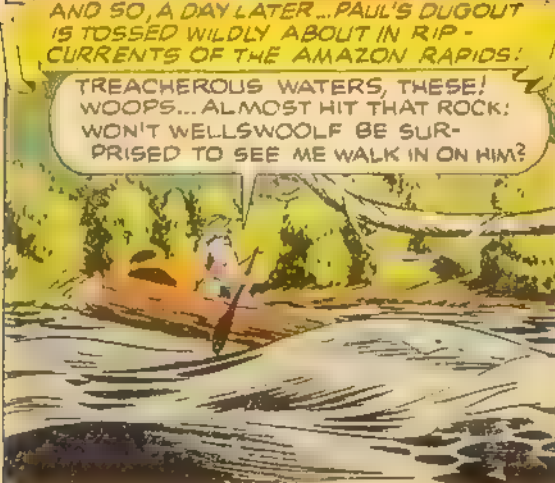
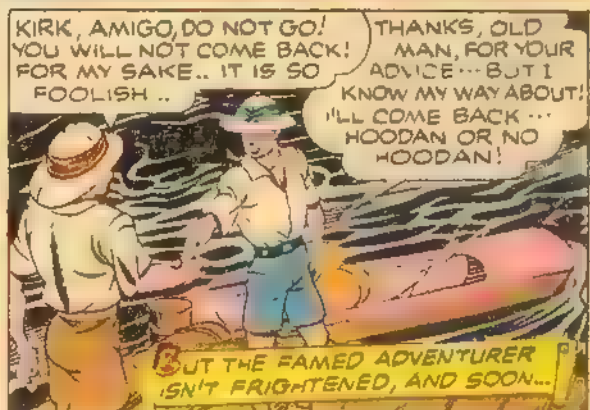
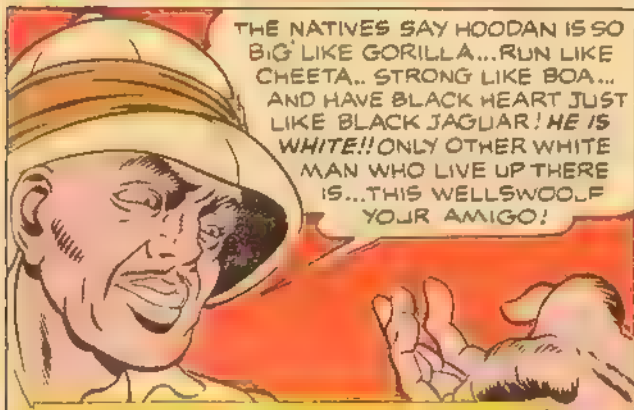
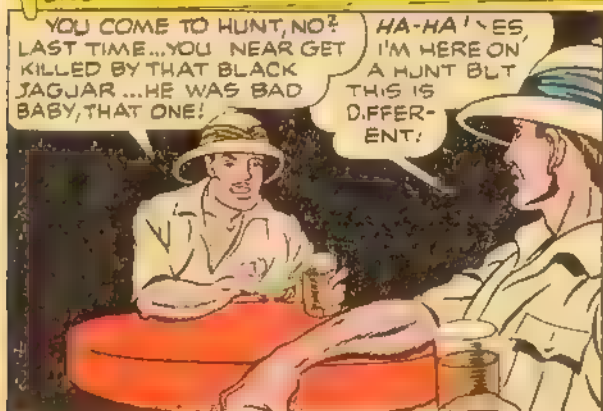
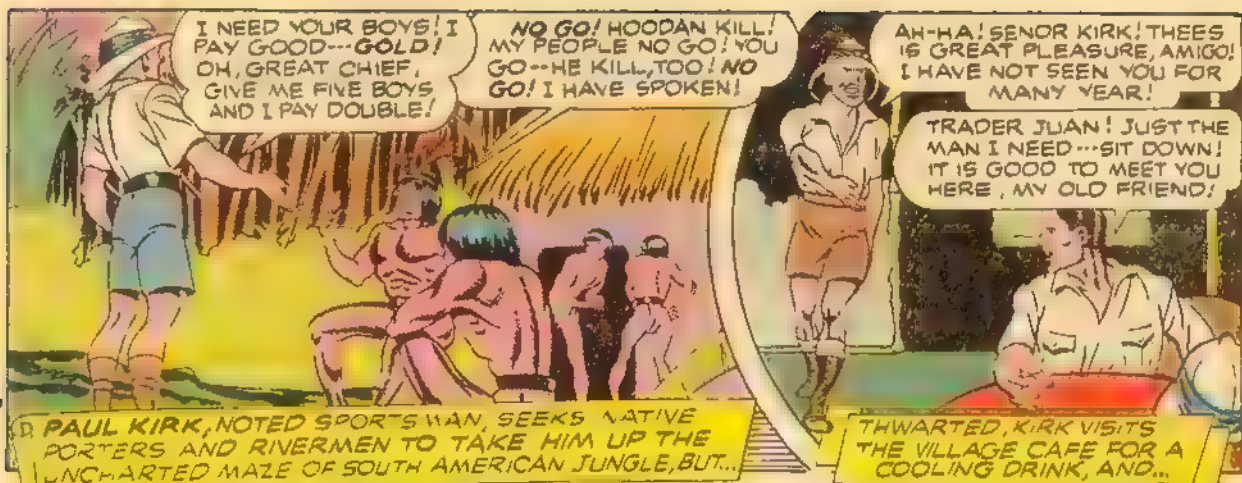
It was Sergeant Thomas who said, awed: "The Prof's nipped a nest! Nips." He didn't ask how it happened, for now he could hear the Prof saying evenly to the Captain.

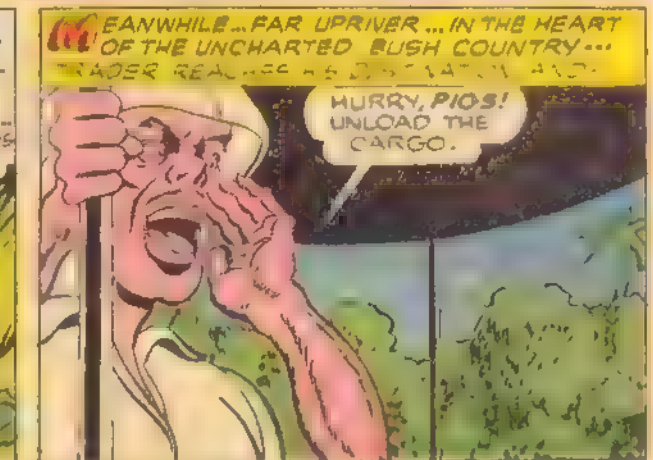
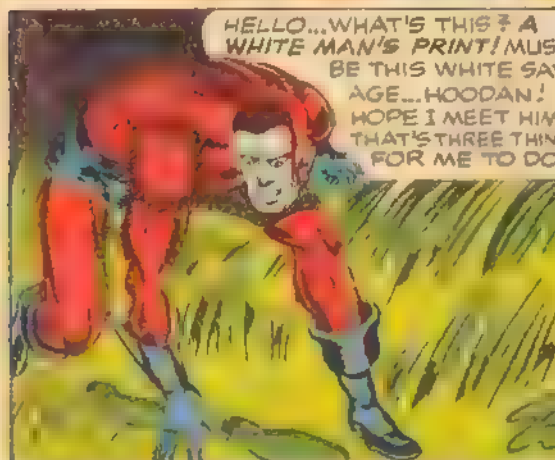
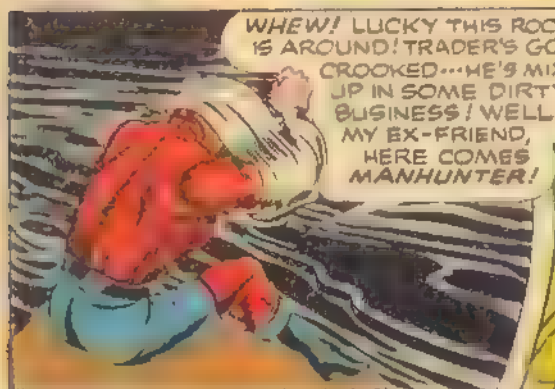
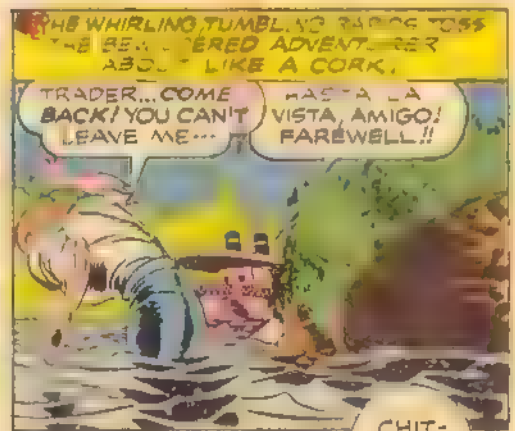
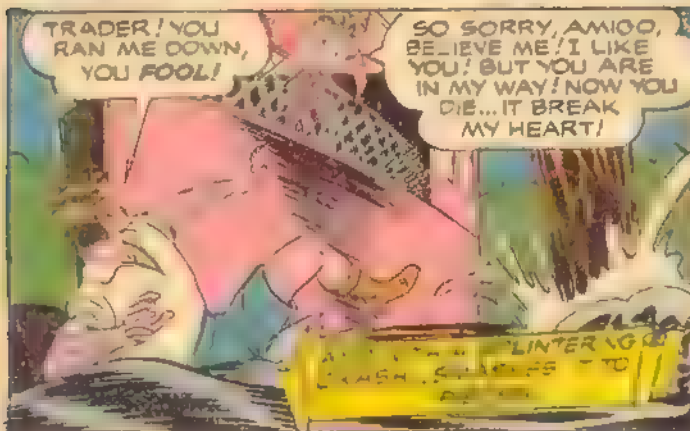
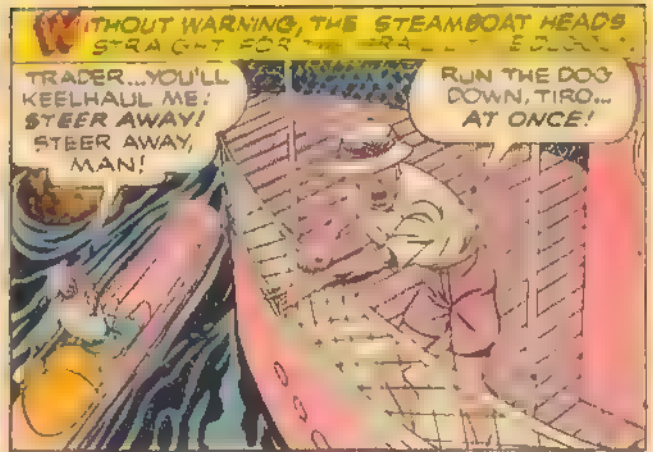
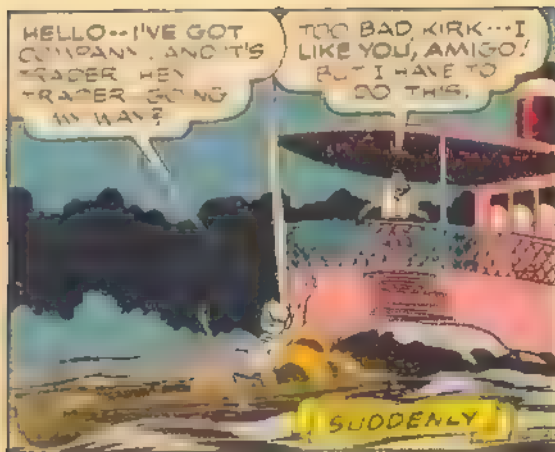
"I knew it wasn't our patrol, Sir. After all, why should my buddies identify themselves as American Marines? We're Marines! Grinning, he added: "And we're too busy fighting to bother about being grammatical!"

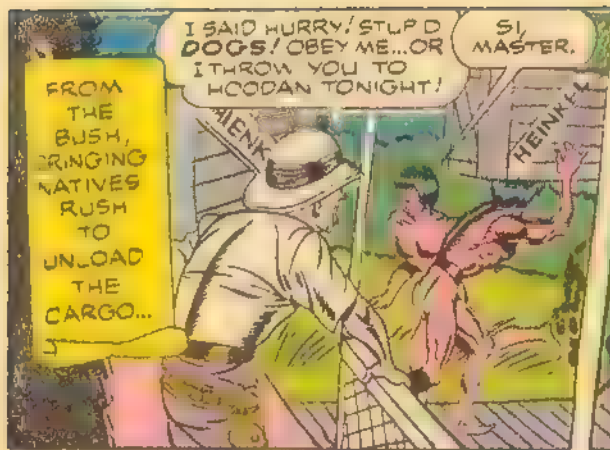
MANHUNTER

in "The MAN FROM YESTERDAY!"

OUR ANCESTORS WERE WILD SCREAMING SAVAGES WHO ROAMED THE STEAMY PETT JUNGLES WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG! AS ONE OF THESE WERE SUDDENLY TO REAPPEAR TODAY? DOUBT IT? WELL, SO DID MANHUNTER, UNTIL HE INVADED THE DREAD JUNGLE AMAZON IN SEARCH OF A WEAK, WISDOMLESS FRIEND AND STUMBLER ACROSS A MAN FEARSOME BEYOND DESCRIPTION....



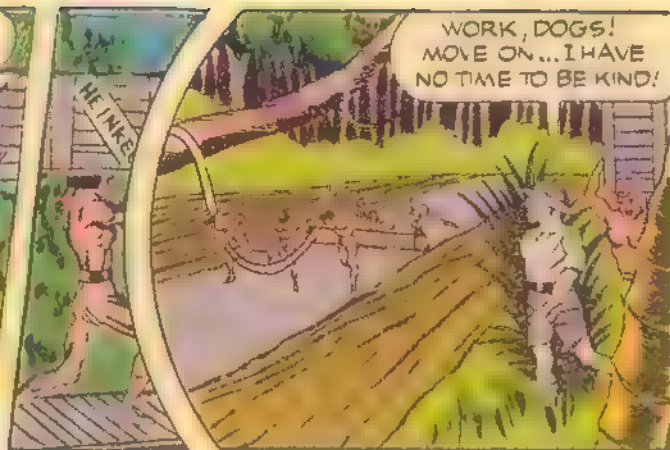




FROM THE BUSH, BRINGING NATIVES RUSH TO UNLOAD THE CARGO...

I SAID HURRY! STUPID DOGS! OBEY ME...OR I THROW YOU TO HOODAN TONIGHT!

SI MASTER.



WORK, DOGS! MOVE ON...I HAVE NO TIME TO BE KIND!



MASTER MASTER... I SICK.

UP DOG, IT COMES NIGHT!

IT'S HIM AGAIN!



...FROM OUT OF THE MURKY JUNGLE COMES A TERRIFYING CRY.

HOODAN!

WOOF!



AS MAN-HUNTER, STARTED, PREET'S IN SURPRISE.

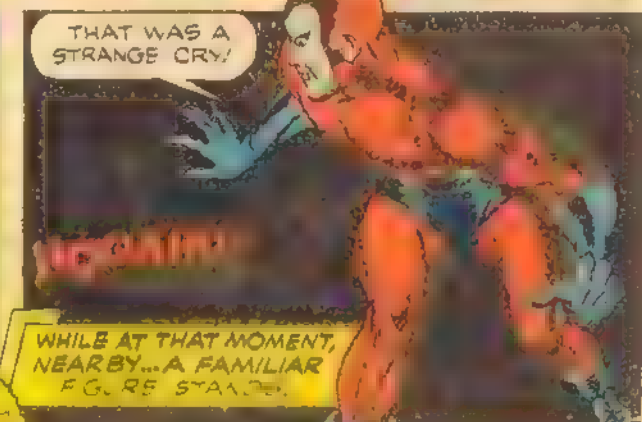
IT CAME FROM NEARBY, TOO!

OW!



LOCK UP! STAND CLEAR OF THE FENCE, IT'S CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY! NOW LET HOODAN COME! HA/HA!

AS THIS SAYS...

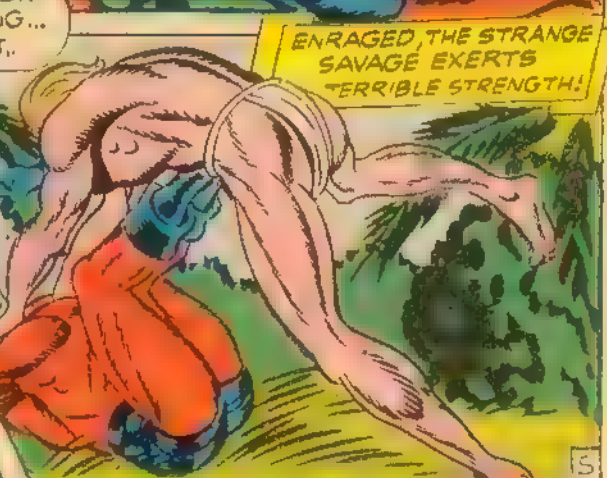
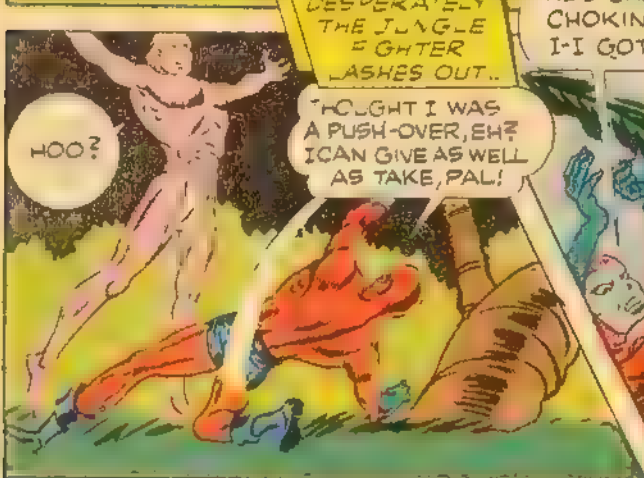
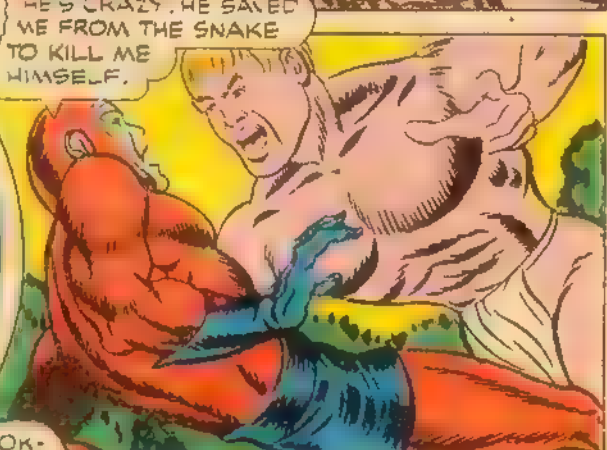
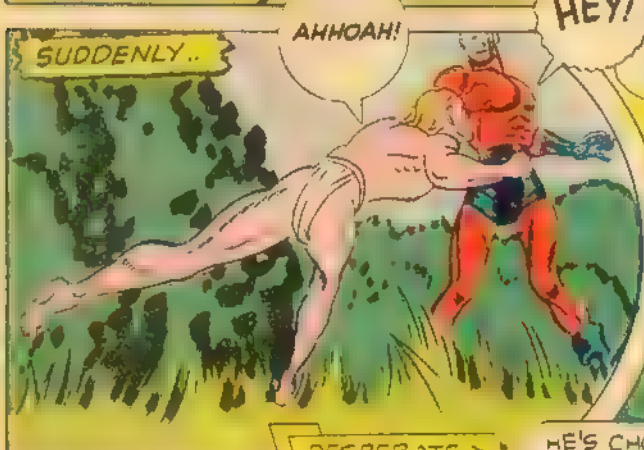
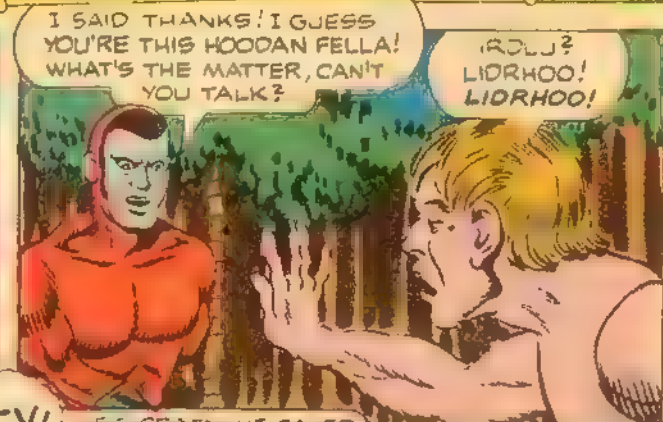
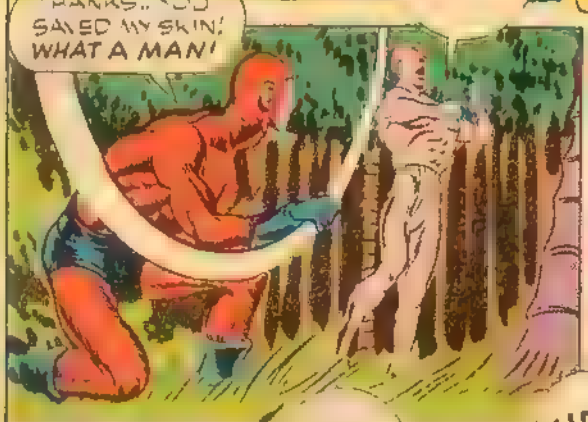
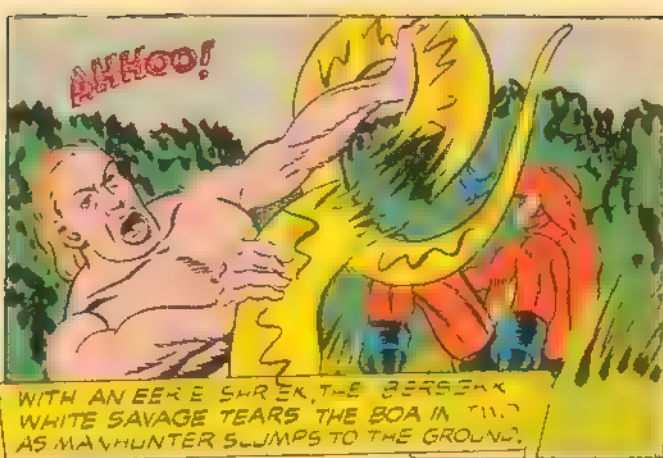
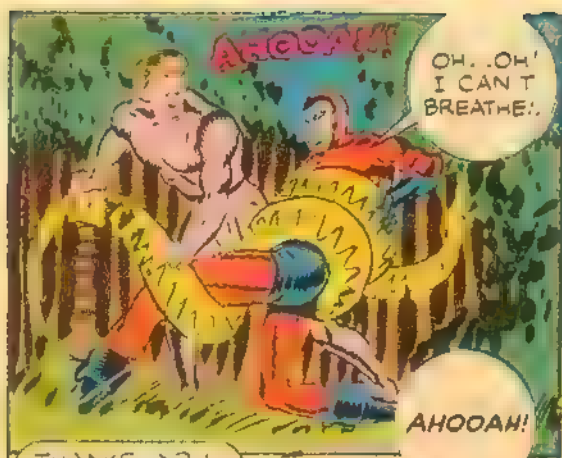


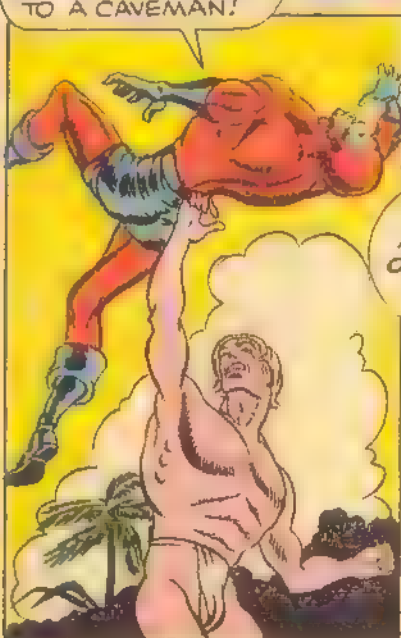
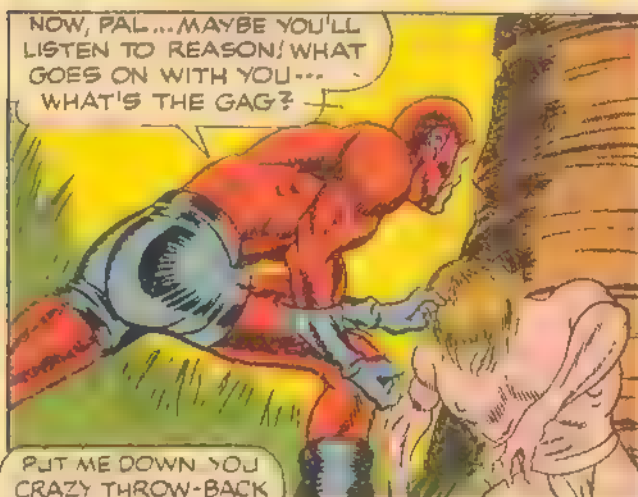
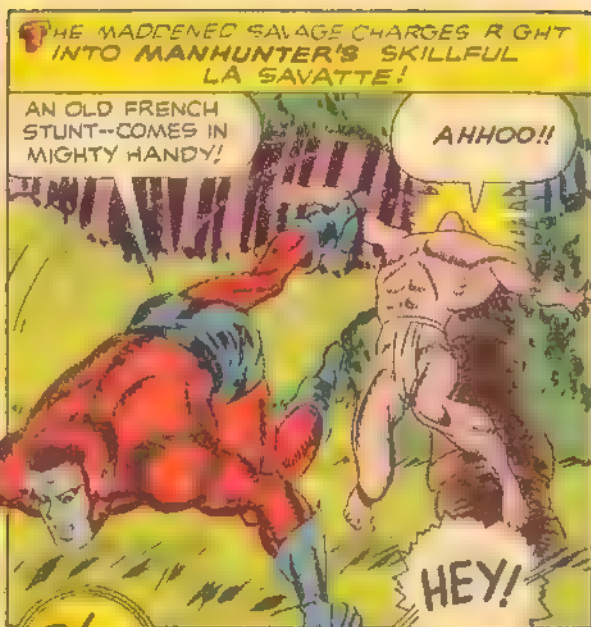
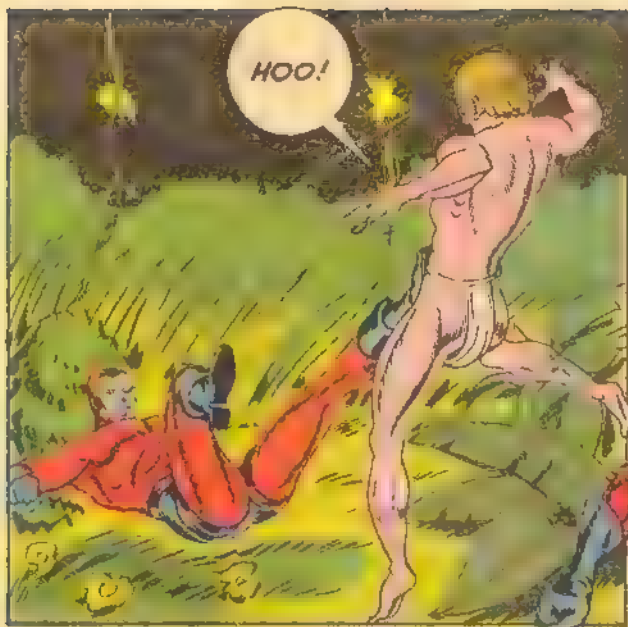
THAT WAS A STRANGE CRY!

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, NEARBY...A FAMILIAR FIGURE STARED.



...WITHOUT WARNING A DEADLY BOA CONSTRUCTOR STRIKES.







TRAINED EYES
SCOUR FOR SIGNS,
VISIBLE AND
WHOLE MEASURING
TO ANYONE BUT
MANHUNTER!

AND THE TWO
HODDAN WENT THIS
WAY, GETTING
CLOSE.



THROUGH STEAMING JUNGLE
THE TRAIL LEADS... AT LAST...
...BE... A MANSION... HERE IN
THE WILDERNESS... AND THE GUY...
WHY, IT'S H. M. WELLSWOOLF,
MY OLD FRIEND. NO TIME TO
CHANGE... HE'S SEEN ME.

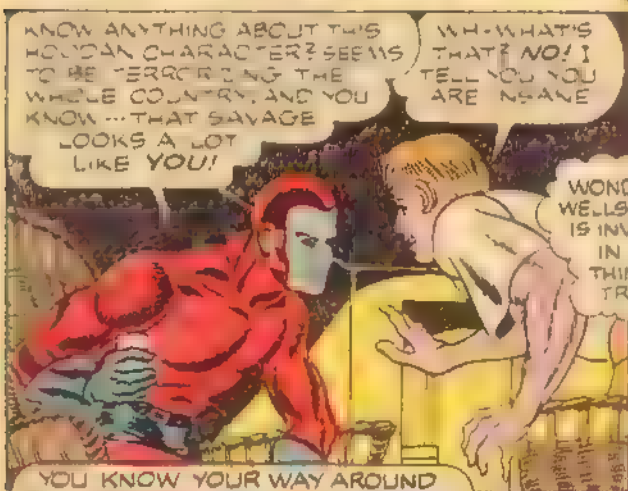
HELLO...
WELCOME!



MANHUNTER? YES OF
COURSE, I'VE HEARD
OF YOU. MAKE YOUR-
SELF AT HOME. GLAD
TO HAVE VISITORS...
GETS A BIT BORING
UP HERE AT TIMES!

THANKS A
LOT... NICE
OF YOU!

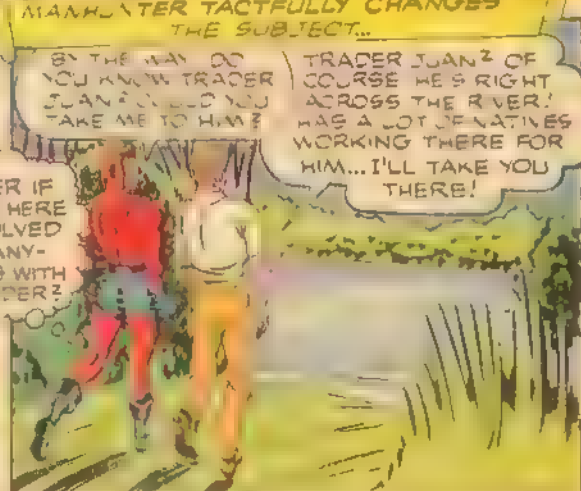
MAYBE I'M
GOING CRAZY...
BUT WELLSIE
LOOKS LIKE
THAT SAVAGE!



KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS
HODDAN CHARACTER? SEEMS
TO BE TERRORIZING THE
WHOLE COUNTRY, AND YOU
KNOW... THAT SAVAGE
LOOKS A LOT
LIKE YOU!

WH-WHAT'S
THAT? NO! I
TELL YOU YOU
ARE NSANE

WONDER IF
WELLSIE HERE
IS INVOLVED
IN ANY-
THING WITH
TRADER?



SURPRISED AT THE HYSTERICAL OUTBURST,
MANHUNTER TACTFULLY CHANGES
THE SUBJECT...

BY THE WAY DO
YOU KNOW TRADER
JUAN? WOULD YOU
TAKE ME TO HIM?

TRADER JUAN? OF
COURSE HE'S RIGHT
ACROSS THE RIVER!
HAS A LOT OF NATIVES
WORKING THERE FOR
HIM... I'LL TAKE YOU
THERE!



YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND
ALL RIGHT! LOOK... DOWN THERE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT... A
SECRET AIRPORT!

CAREFUL OF
THAT FENCE!
THIS IS TRADER'S
PLACE... WHAT?

THROUGH THE UNTRAMMELED JUNGLE AS
ACCURATELY AS IF THERE WAS A
STREET, WELLSWOOLF SILENTLY LEADS
THE WAY...



YOU KNOW OF COURSE
THAT WE'RE AT WAR
BACK HOME... AGAINST
THE NAZIS AND JAPS!
AND THIS TRADER...

WAR? THE U.S.'S GOOD
LORD, MAN! TRADER'S
BUILDING AN AIRBASE
WITH NATIVE LABOR!
I DIDN'T
THINK...
COME ON!

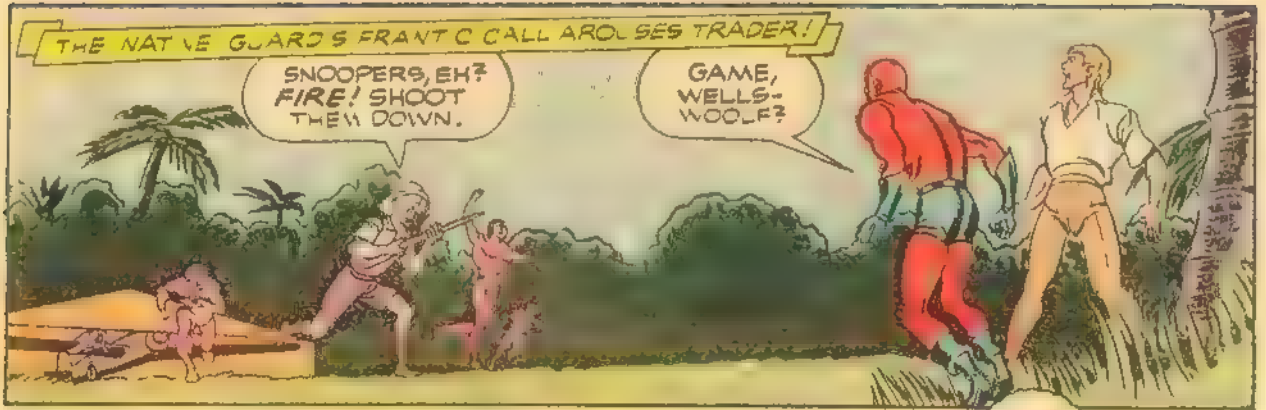


MASTER! MASTER
JUAN! COME QUICK!

THE NATIVE GUARD'S FRANTIC CALL AROUSES TRADER!

SNOOPERS, EH?
FIRE! SHOOT
THEM DOWN.

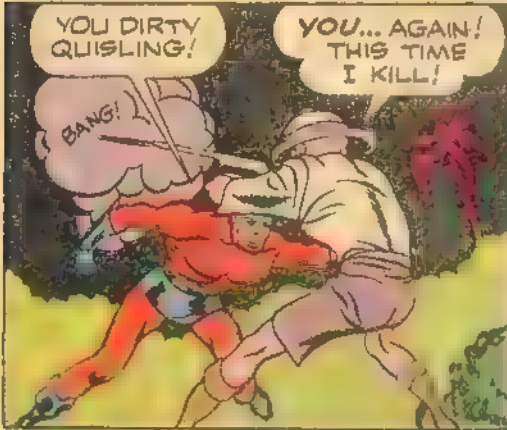
GAME,
WELLS-
WOOLF?



YOU DIRTY
QUISLING!

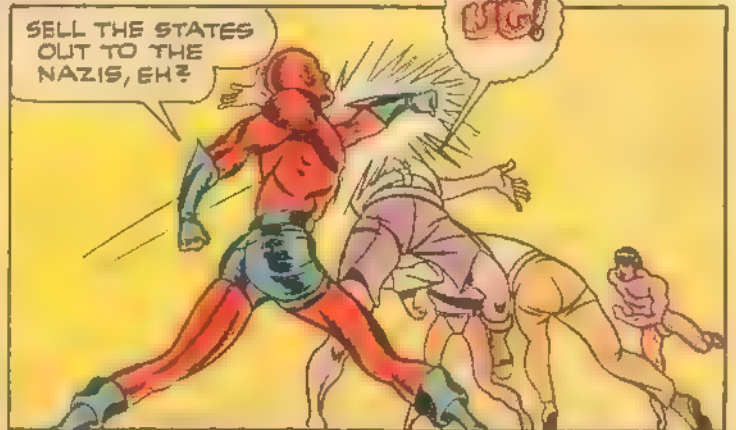
YOU... AGAIN!
THIS TIME
I KILL!

BANG!



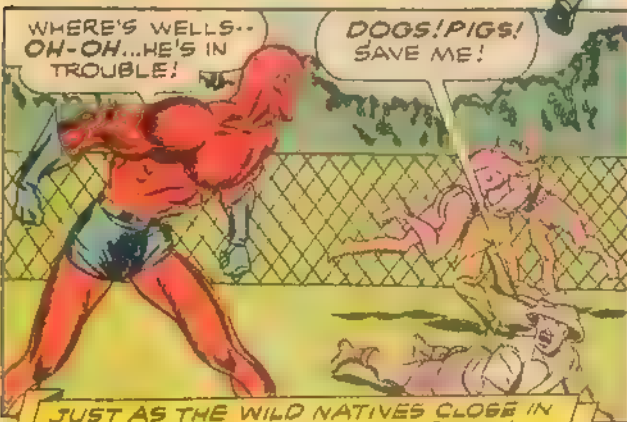
SELL THE STATES
OUT TO THE
NAZIS, EH?

UG!



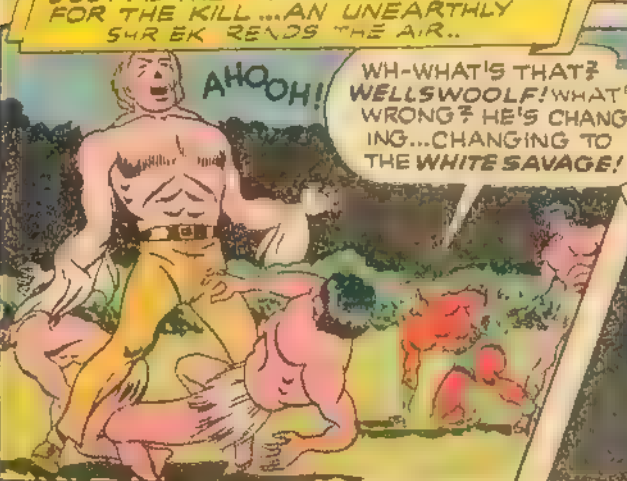
WHERE'S WELLS-
OH-OH...HE'S IN
TROUBLE!

DOGS! PIGS!
SAVE ME!



JUST AS THE WILD NATIVES CLOSE IN
FOR THE KILL...AN UNEARTHLY
SHRIEK RENDS THE AIR...

AND BEFORE THE OVERWHELMING
ONSLAUGHT...

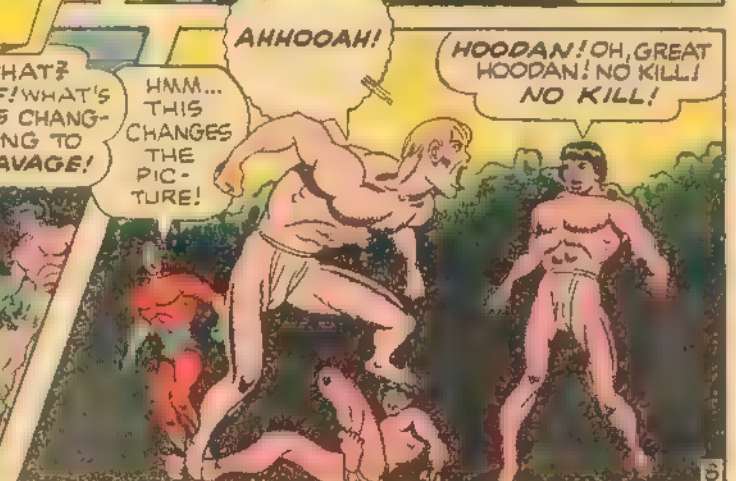


WH-WHAT'S THAT?
WELLSWOOLF! WHAT'S
WRONG? HE'S CHANG-
ING...CHANGING TO
THE WHITE SAVAGE!

HMM...
THIS
CHANGES
THE PIC-
TURE!

AHHOOAH!

HOODAN! OH, GREAT
HOODAN! NO KILL!
NO KILL!



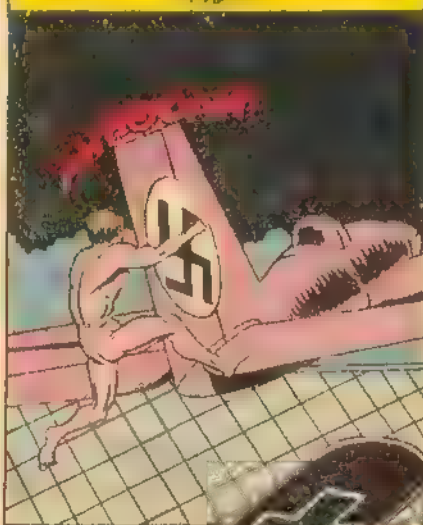


DRIVEN BY STARK FEAR,
TRADER JUAN SNEAKS
TOWARD A HEINKEL
BOMBER... AND ESCAPE!

I MUST
GET AWAY!

THE RAT'S
DESERTING!
MAYBE I
CAN STOP
HIM!

BUT AS THE JUNGLE REVER-
BERATES WITH THE PLANE'S
ROAR, A FLASHING FIGURE
RACES PAST MANHUNTER,
AND...



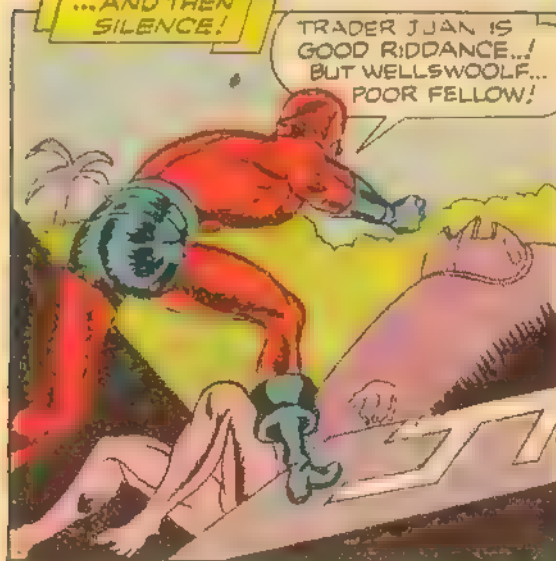
OUT OF
CONTROL,
THE PLANE
FAILS TO
CLEAR THE
CHARGED
FENCE...
THERE
IS A
BLINDING
SIZZLING
FLASH
OF
LIGHT...



LATER GOING THROUGH HIS FRIENDS
HOME... MANHUNTER FINDS THE
STARTLING ANSWER TO AN AMAZING
ROLE...

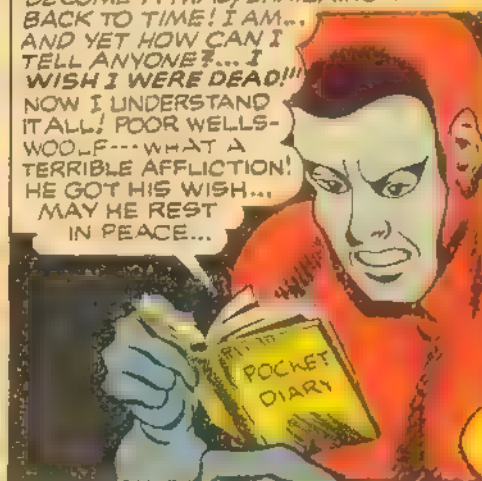
...AND THEN
SILENCE!

TRADER JUAN IS
GOOD RIDDANCE...!
BUT WELLSWOOLF...
POOR FELLOW!

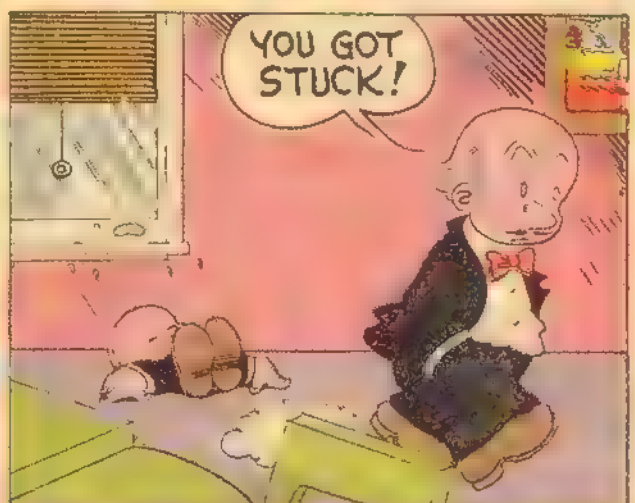
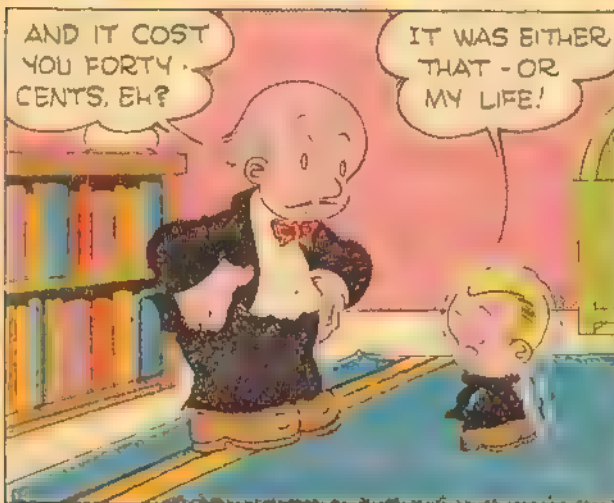
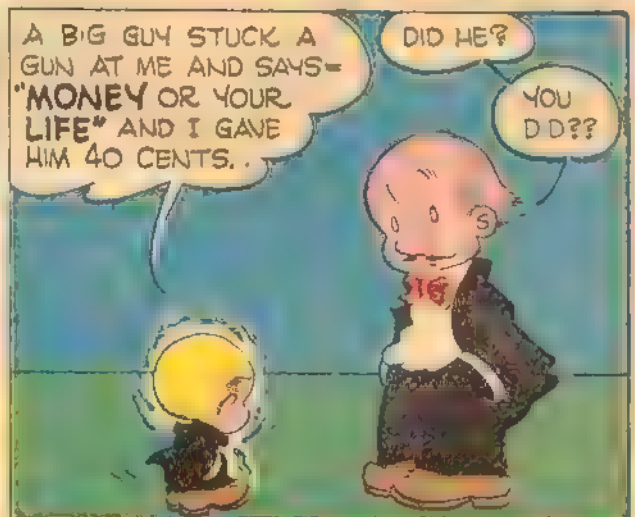
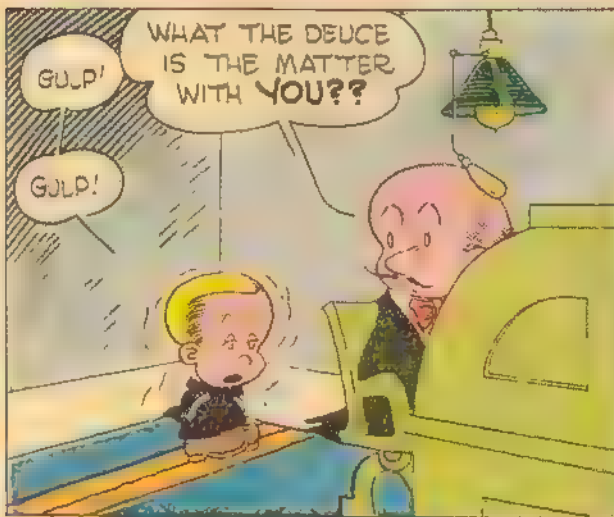
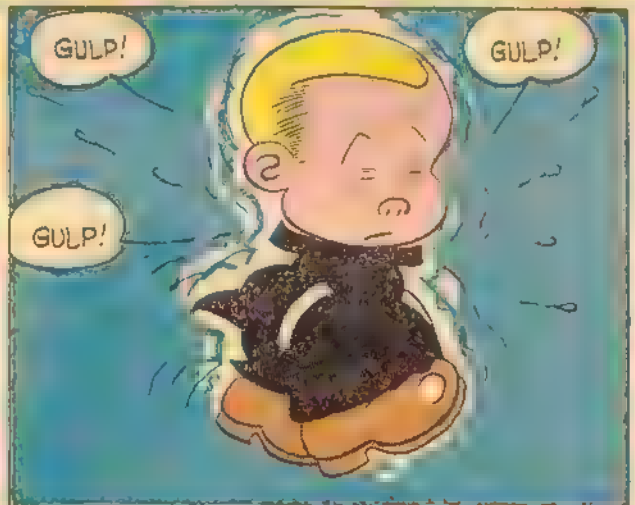
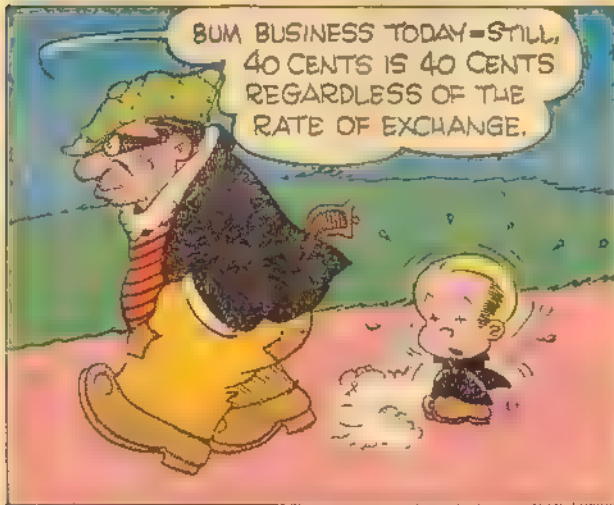


"WHY CAN'T I SHAKE OFF THIS
EVIL CURSE? WHY MUST I SO OFTEN
BECOME A MAD, SHRIEKING THROW-
BACK TO TIME! I AM...
AND YET HOW CAN I
TELL ANYONE?... I
WISH I WERE DEAD!!"
NOW I UNDERSTAND
IT ALL! POOR WELLS-
WOOLF... WHAT A
TERRIBLE AFFLICTION!
HE GOT HIS WISH...
MAY HE REST
IN PEACE...

BUT
PEACE IS
NOT FOR
MANHUNTER,
AS THE
DAREDEVIL
CRIME-
FIGHTER
HURTLES
INTO
ACTION IN
ANOTHER
SMASHING
EPISODE
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
ADVENTURE
COMICS!



JACK POTTS



MIKE GIBBS, GUERRILLA

WHAT ARE THESE CONQUERED COUNTRIES THE NAZIS BOAST OF? FRANCE? CZECHOSLOVAKIA? HOLLAND? CONQUERED COUNTRIES? NEVER! NOT WHILE MILLIONS OF FREEDOM-LOVING SOULS WAGE BITTER BATTLE WITH THE AXIS! NOT WHILE OPPRESSED PEOPLES FIGHT FIERCELY IN THE GRIM NIGHT SHADOWS, STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HITLER'S JACKALS! NOT WHILE GUERRILLA, FLAMING SOLDIER OF FREEDOM, LEADS THE DETERMINED DUTCH IN A DYNAMIC COUNTERATTACK THAT TEACHES THE AXIS.

"YOU NEVER CAN BEAT THE DUTCH!"

SPRINGS TOLD THE NAZIS AND, SLOWLY, A LEAKY SKIFF IS POLED DOWN A NARROW CANAL...

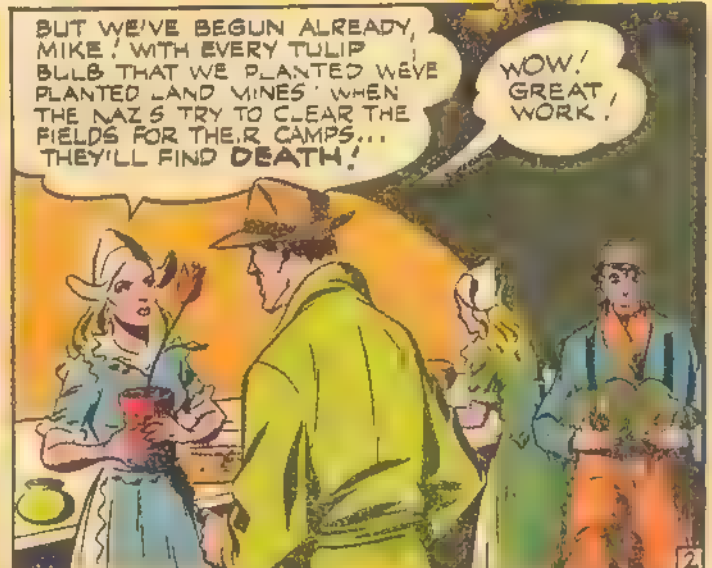
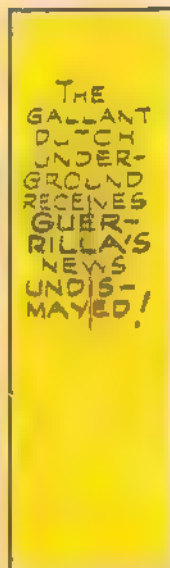
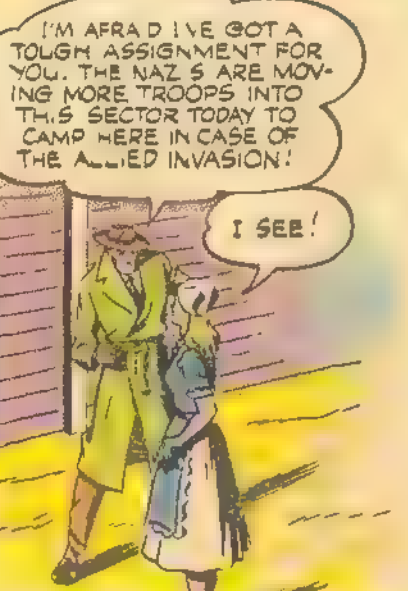
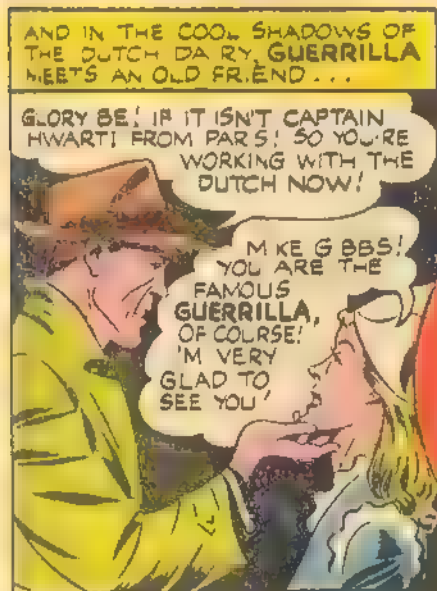
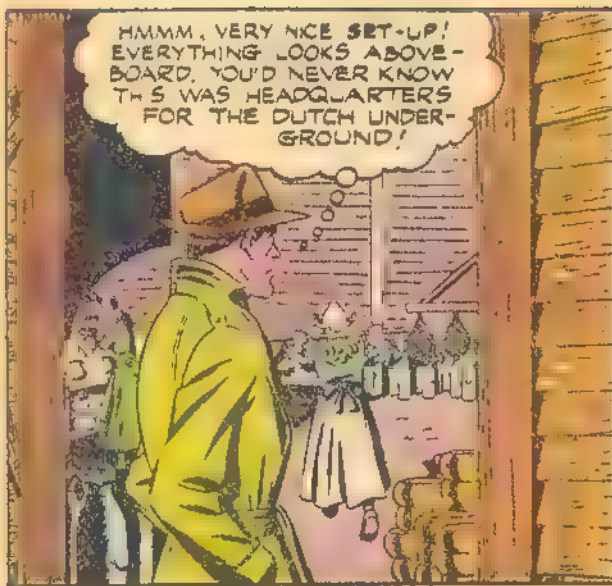
WE ARE HERE! THE DAIRY YOU WANT TO VISIT IS ALONGSIDE THE CANAL!

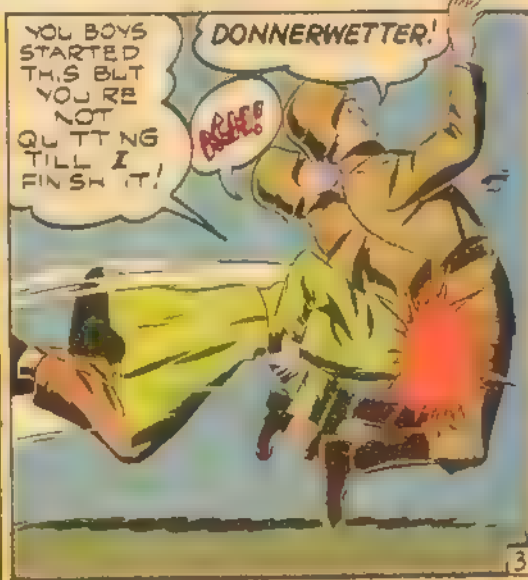
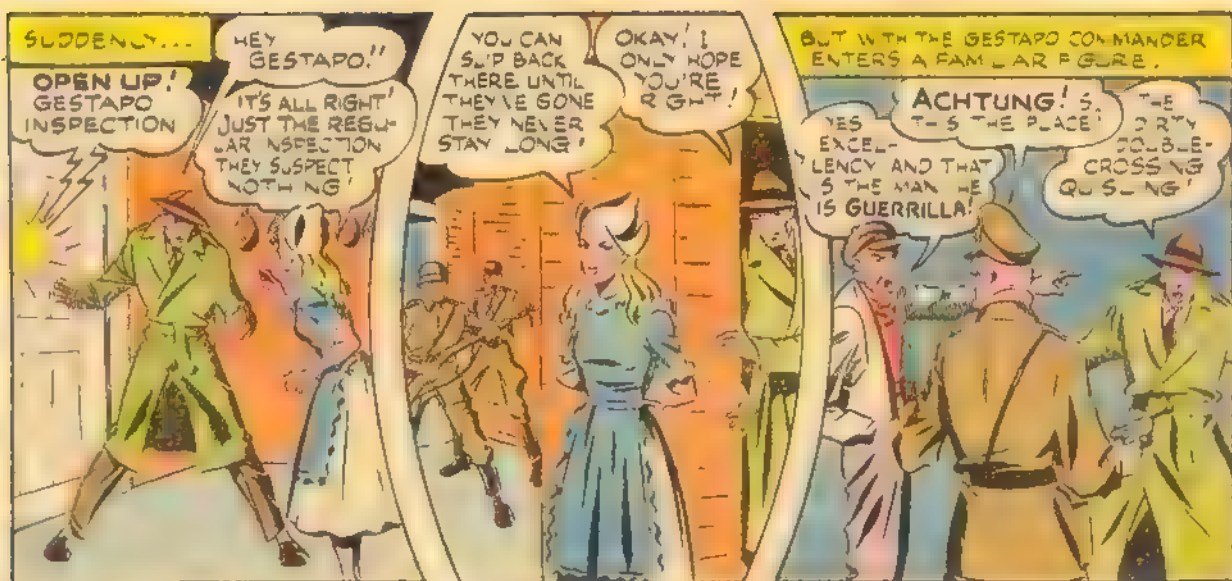
GOOD WORK! THEY WEREN'T KIDDING BACK WHEN IN BELGIUM WHEN THEY SAID YOU DUTCH WERE EFFICIENT!

AND INTO HOLLAND COMES MIKE GIBBS... ACE CORRESPONDENT TO THE N.Y. GLOBE-- GUERRILLA TO THE AXIS!

OKAY, KEEP MOVING! NOBODY'S SEEN US. FROM NOW ON I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

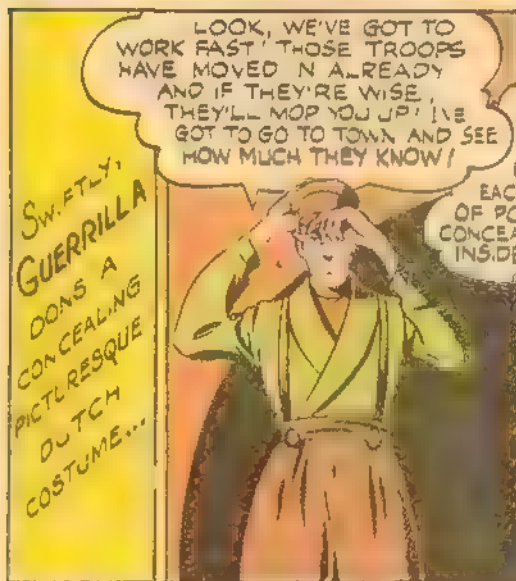
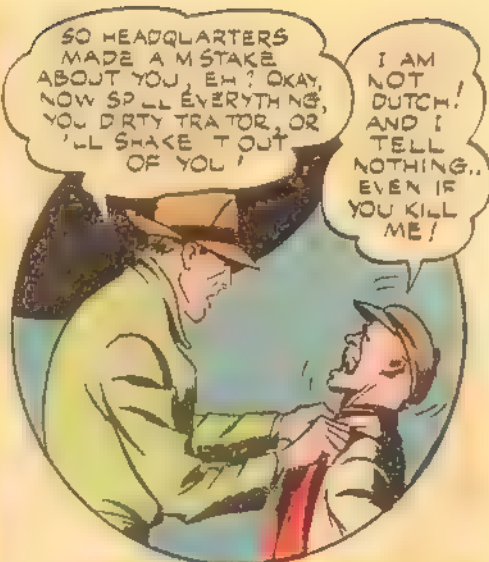








BUT THE UNDERGROUND'S BETRAYER REMAINS STUBBORNLY SILENT!

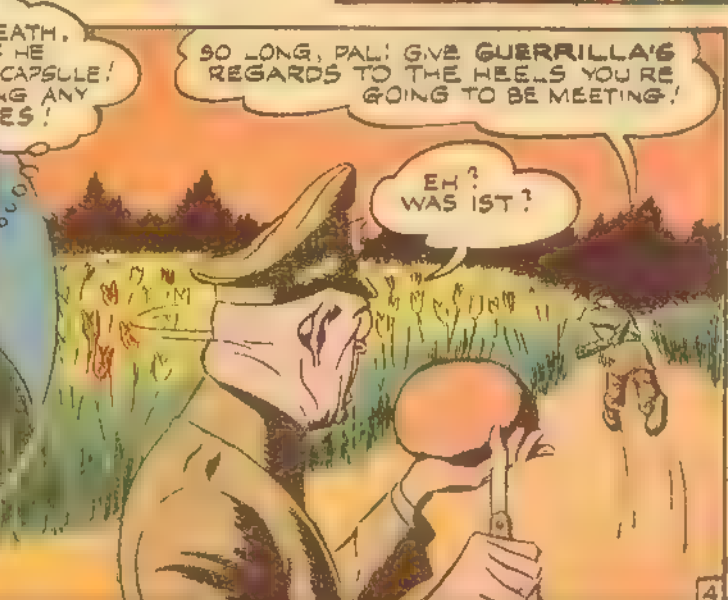
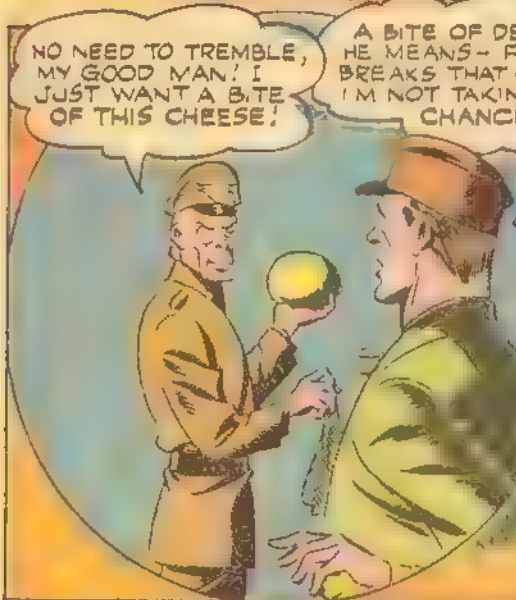


KEEP THESE BABES ON ICE TILL I GET BACK, I WON'T BE LONG!

WAIT, GUERRILLA! CARRY THESE EDAM CHEESES WITH YOU. WE'VE PREPARED THEM FOR EMERGENCIES EACH HAS A CAPSULE OF POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE CONCEALED INSIDE!

BUT AS GUERRILLA WALKS DOWN THE CANAL ROAD TOWARD THE NAZI FIELD QUARTERS...

TO THINK THAT THOSE BEAUTIFUL FIELDS ARE SEEDS WITH DYNAMITE... OH-OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!



CRASH! POUNDS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE BURST IN SHATTERING DETONATION!



AND AS DEER S DROPS INTO THE MINED TULIP FIELDS ALONG- S DE...

WAS ST?

BOOMBS HIDDEN IN THE FIELDS!

GLORY-BE! THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S DE'LL BE BLOW'G UP AND NO NAZ S AROUND TO GET HT!



IT IS AS WE HAF BEEN WARNED! DER DUTCH HAF PLANTED EXPLOSIVES TO BETRAY OUR TROOPS!

VE TEACH DEM A LESSON! VE MARCH ALL DER HOLLANDERS INTO DER FIELDS AHEAD OF OUR TROOPS! DEN VE SEE WHO GETS BLOWN UP, EH?



WELL, THAT TEARS IT WIDE OPEN... SO THEY'RE WISE TO THE UNDERGROUNDS PLAN. I'VE GOT TO DO SOME FAST THINKING... AND FASTER ACTING!



WILD-EYED... GUERRILLA BURSTS INTO THE DROUNSY DARY...

GUERRILLA WHAT'S IT? WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

THE JIG'S UP! THE NAZIS ARE WISE TO EVERYTHING! THEY'RE GONNA ROUND UP ALL OF YOU AND MARCH YOU INTO YOUR OWN DYNAMITE!



ALL RIGHT... IF THEY'VE FOUND US OUT, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FIGHT FOR IT! WE'LL TAKE PLENTY OF THEM ALONG WITH US WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR US TO DIE!



NO, YOUR TIME HASN'T COME YET. AND THE NAZIS' NUMBER S STILL UP! LISTEN... I'VE GOT AN IDEA...



AN HOUR LATER-- THE SNOWY SAILS OF THE DUTCH WINDMILLS BEG N TO HALT MOMENTARILY IN THEIR ENDLESS CIRCLES...



AND AS THE WHITE VANES TURN--- STOP--- TURN--- AND STOP--- SEEMINGLY FROM A FTFUL WIND...

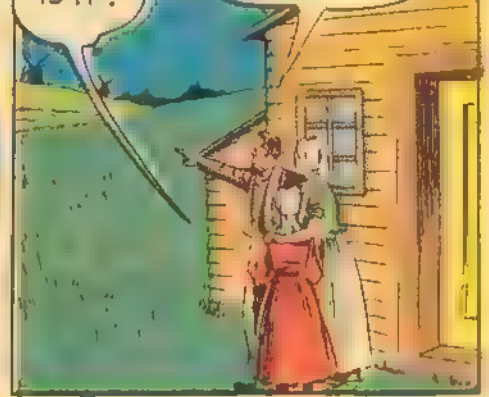
ACHTUNG! YOUR ORDERS ARE TO GATHER ALL THE DUTCH IN THIS SECTOR AND FORCE THEM TO MARCH THROUGH THE FIELDS... THROUGH EVERY FIELD!!



BUT...

WHAT IS IT?

IT'S THE UNDERGROUND IT IS SIGNALING THAT ALL OF US MUST TAKE TO BACK-COUNTRY DIKES AT ONCE.



AND AS EARLY EVEN NG SHADOWS THE BROAD DUTCH VALLEY...

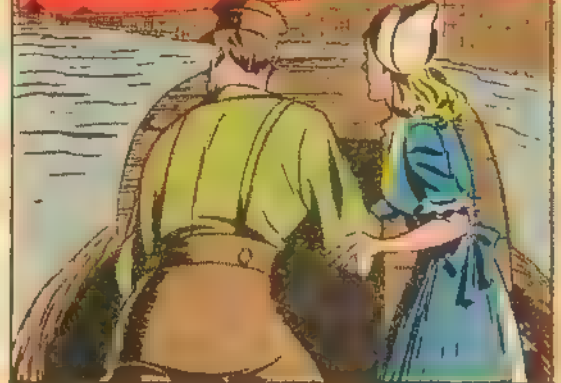
AH, GUERRILLA, DO YOU THINK OUR SIGNALS WENT OUT IN TIME?

IT'S TOO LATE TO WORRY NOW! WE'LL REACH OUR OBJECTIVE IN HALF AN HOUR IF ALL GOES RIGHT!



KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, HONEY! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL KEEP OUR AMMUNITION DRY!



SUDDENLY---

...UGGER AHOY! STAND BY FOR SEARCH.

ITS THE NAZ PATROL!

WE CAN'T LET THEM STOP US NOW!



OKAY, CAP. SO THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STOP US!

ACH! GUERRILLA!!



ROUND AND ROUND
IT GOES AND WHERE
IT LANDS NOBODY
KNOWS

BLASTED AVER-
LAWNS! USLAW!

A cartoon illustration of a large, angry-looking man with a mustache and a red shirt, shouting "LOOK OUT, BROTHER, HE ROCKING THE BOAT" while holding a small, screaming figure. A speech bubble from the figure says "JWW!!". The background is a bright red sky over a body of water.

AND AS THE ONLY BARRIER BETWEEN THE ZEELAND VALLEY AND THE ANGRY NORTH SEA SHATTERS...

HERE SHE COMES! THE OLD NORTH SEA! WE'LL JUST ABOUT BEAT THE FLOOD TO THE HIGHLANDS IN THIS SPEED MERCHANT!



TONS OF FOAMING WATER POUR THROUGH THE GREAT BREACH...



AND LIKE A GIANT WALL, THE FLOOD THUNDERS DOWN ON THE NAZI TROOPS...

DER DIKE HASS BROKEN!

HILFE! HILFE!

AIEEEEEEE!!



AND MILES DISTANT, AS THE DUTCH DRAW OFF TO SAFETY...

GONE...ALL GONE! THOUSANDS OF NAZIS... DROWNED IN JUST A FEW MINUTES!



TWENTY SQUARE MILES OF OUR BEST LAND... LAND THAT TOOK US YEARS TO WIN FROM THE SEA... RUINED NOW... LOST TO US! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!

NO, MY FRIEND, WE HAVE JUST LOANED IT BACK TO THE SEA FOR A LITTLE WHILE! A DAY WILL COME WHEN WE WILL WIN IT BACK AGAIN!



AND NOW... IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE AGAIN, GUERRILLA...

MAKE IT "SO-LONG" THIS TIME, HONEY! WE'LL MEET AGAIN, AND KEEP MEETING UNTIL THIS FIGHT IS FINISHED! THEN MAYBE WE CAN STAY TOGETHER AWHILE AND GET ACQUAINTED!



MEANWHILE, GET ACQUAINTED WITH THRILLS AND CHILLS AS YOU FOLLOW GUERRILLA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

ADVENTURE COMICS!

The **SECRET WEAPON** You **MUST** Have!



BLITZED By **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!**

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, in double-quick time, become a "buly terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.**

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will dare lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength against himself. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! Not in weeks or months! You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

pensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with more than 100 drawings, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men, prison, bank, asylum and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98¢ (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc.,

FREE!

IF YOU ACT QUICKLY!

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away you will get a copy of the sensational new **POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS**. Here are revealed the holds and counter holds that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. Act promptly to get your free copy.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

NEW POWER PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 2708
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me in plain package for 5 days' **FREE** trial **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. I will pay the postman 98¢ (plus a few cents for postage and handling). If, within 5 days, I am not completely satisfied I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

☐ Check here if you want to save postage. Enclose 98¢ with coupon and we will pay postage charges. The same refund privilege completely guaranteed.



Captain Tootsie BATTLES MONSTER MAN!



THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTs! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



CAPT. TOOTSIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION FORM A SEARCHING PARTY.



HO! ME BUST BANK! GET RICH!



THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO ROB BANKS!



HOOTIN' ZOOTs! YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY, CAPT. TOOTSIE!

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY TOO, ROLLO, IF YOU KEEP EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS!



WHAT FUN!
GET THIS GENUINE
FOX TAIL
for only **10¢**
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

For Playing Explorer!

FOR YOUR BIKE!
To Hang in Your Room!
For Playing Russian Soldier!



NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine fox tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! How your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike—hang it in your room—use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Department D2, Hoboken, New Jersey

Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY